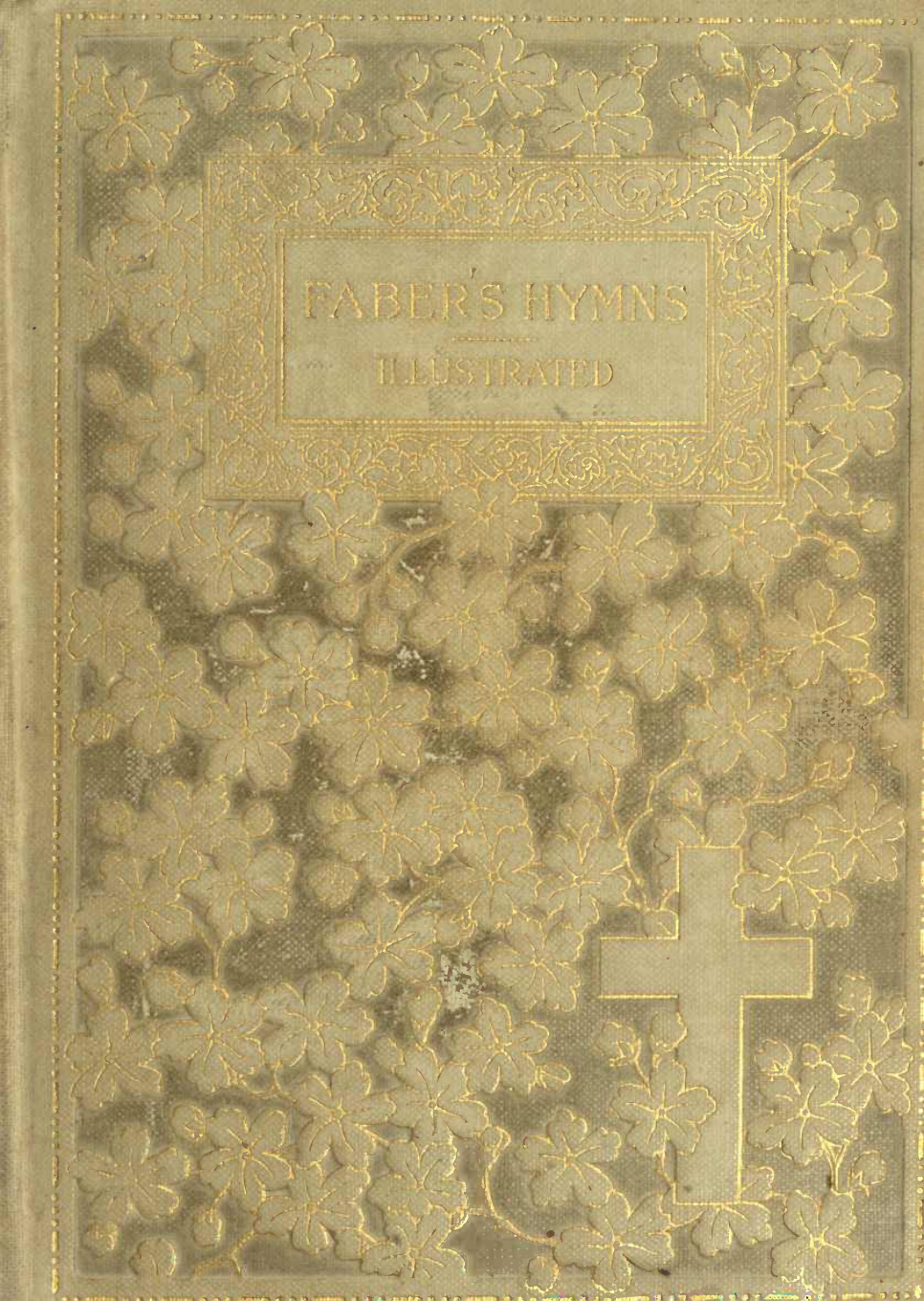
FABER'S HYMNS

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Brother Michael
Compliments of
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SINGING AND MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEART TO THE LORD.
EPH. V. 19

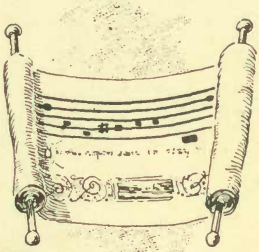
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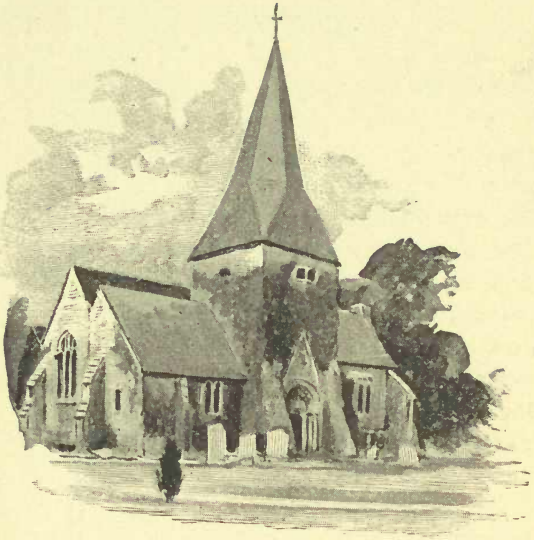
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Introduction

Frederick William Faber was born June 28, 1814, at the Vicarage of Calverley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

The following December his father was appointed Secretary to "the honor'd Dr. Barrington," Bishop of Durham, and moved, with his family, to Bishop Auckland. If surroundings made poets, this region must have had great influence on young Faber. Through the domain flowed the brook Ganlesse, not far distant were "Saxon Eadmer's towers, begirt by winding Wear" and the beautiful wooded slopes of "merry Tyne," all celebrated by Scott. The city of Durham, with its ancient feudal castle and splendid cathedral, offered scenes of theatric pomp; for the bishop was also Count Palatine, and held his court as though he were a king.

Westmoreland was not far distant; and the boy, after a short course of study in the Bishop Auckland grammar-school, was removed to the house of a clergyman at Kirkby Stephen, in the Lake District. His childhood had been an incessant struggle for life; and the out-of-door existence which he led in that invigorating air greatly strengthened him. He delighted in wandering solitary among the Westmoreland mountains, rebuilding in fancy the ruined halls, castles, and moated houses that then abounded there, and repeopling the forests with knights and deer and orders passed away.

At the age of eleven he was transferred to Shrewsbury school, and then was sent to Harrow, where he was under the instruction of Dr. Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Here he gave much time to English literature. The ordinary recreations of an English school-boy had little attraction for him, but he was a good swimmer and rider.

He matriculated at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1832. He failed to secure a scholarship; but his examination was satisfactory enough to bring him the offer of rooms, and he "went into residence" in the Lent term of 1833.

He was prepossessing in appearance, graceful, and talented, and, as an old lady said when he was a boy, and was trying to plead off from some escapade, "had sic a pratty tongue." But his freedom of

speech, and his keen sense of the ludicrous, brought upon him the reputation of being rather arrogant. In spite of frequent attacks of excruciating headaches, he studied faithfully, and laid an excellent foundation of learning. During the first year of his undergraduate career he wrote one of his most popular poems, "The Cherwell Water-Lily."

Faber's family was of Huguenot origin, having taken refuge in England on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His early Calvinistic views were, so to speak, hereditary. With such a training, it was not strange that he took a keen interest in the theological questions that were then beginning to agitate the English Church. He was greatly pleased with the preaching of the Rev. John Henry Newman, Vicar of St. Mary's. But before he followed Newman to his full length, he had a strong reaction. He wrote, with a fine application of Horace's ode, "He who hung his dripping garment and votive tablet to the ocean god has no doubt a keener sense of the perils of the sea than any one else; and this perhaps leads me to regard with deep sorrow the spread of this amiable devotional mysticism in Oxford." In retrospection, he speaks of this period as a painful, a dreadful struggle.

In 1835, Faber took up his residence at University College, to which he was elected; but his preparation for "the schools," which at Oxford required much

reading of the classics, was hindered by his neglect of them at Harrow, and especially by his literary activities. He won reputation as a debater at the Oxford "Union" (then called the Debating Society); he contributed to the "Oxford University Magazine" various articles on controversial and biographical topics; and he competed for the Newdigate prize poem. Out of thirty-seven poems submitted, his, entitled "The Knights of St. John," was judged to be the best, and was recited in the Sheldonian Theatre, June 5, 1836.

Owing to feeble health, he was prevented from studying during the long vacation of that year; and on the examination for his degree, he gained only a second class. He also failed of a fellowship in his own college. To console him for these disappointments, which were "very, very bitter," he went with his brother, the Rev. F. A. Faber, to Germany for a few months, and on his return was elected to a vacant fellowship at University College, and gained the Johnson divinity scholarship; but he failed to win the Chancellor's prize for an English essay, as well as the Ellerton theological prize.

As he was desirous of obtaining some acquaintance with the works of the Church Fathers, he offered his services as a translator to the compilers of "the Library of the Fathers;" and the seven books of Optatus, Bishop of Miletus, were assigned to him.

This brought him in personal contact with Mr. Newman. He wrote to his friend Morris, in April, 1837, that his whole time was so occupied with four pupils, his required reading, and his work on Saint Optatus, that he had hardly an hour to himself for letter-writing. During the long vacation he took a few pupils to Ambleside, and this brought him into intimate relations with Wordsworth. He already called himself a Wordsworthian. He used in after years to describe the long rambles which he and the poet took together over the romantic Lake region which both of them celebrated in song.

He became a deacon in the Anglican Church in August, and assisted in parochial work at Ambleside, preaching generally two sermons a week.

In 1839, he was ordained as priest; and, in the course of that summer, he made a trip through Belgium and the Rhine provinces. The superstition and low intellectual state of the Roman Catholic clergy inspired him with contempt.

The following year, he became the resident tutor to a son of Matthew Harrison at Ambleside, where he still kept up his parochial work; and he published a small collection of poems, which met with success. He had also some thought of marriage; but as the person alluded to in his poem, "First Love," was not in love with him, and as he was not in love with her, though she was the only woman in the world whom

he would have wished to love and marry, and as it was decidedly his conviction that the Christian priest should be a celibate, he wrote that "if Christ would graciously enable him to learn to live alone, he should prefer much, even with great self-denials, to live a virgin life and to die a virgin, as God had kept him so hitherto."

In 1841, Faber and his pupil left England for an extended tour on the Continent. In the following September, they were at Ambleside again. Faber's letters and diary are full of the most beautiful, poetic descriptions of the scenery and customs which they beheld. Graphic and vital, couched in exquisitely appropriate language, they are models of what a traveller's memorial should be; and after half a century they have lost nothing of their vitality and interest. A portion of this material he embodied in a work entitled "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples," which was dedicated to Wordsworth.

In the autumn of 1842, University College offered him the rectory of Elton, in Huntingdonshire; but before he entered upon his new duties he made a short visit to the Continent, proceeding leisurely through France, and reaching Rome in May. Here, being provided with many introductions to the chief Roman Catholic functionaries, he became more and more impressed with the satisfactory conditions of

that faith. It was here that he first became interested in the life and works of St. Philip Neri, who afterwards became his spiritual master.

Several times he was on the point of joining the Romish Communion; twice he took his hat to go to the *Collegio Inglese* to abjure, but some trifling circumstance interfered. He felt then that the step would sooner or later have to be taken, or he would lose his mind. His struggles were so severe that they permanently affected his health. At Florence, where he remained a few weeks writing a course of parish lectures "on the Sacred Infancy and Childhood of Our Lord," he was persuaded to wear a miraculous medal. He brought home with him two rosaries blessed by the Pope; he gave them to friends, who both became Catholics. It was by advice that he stayed yet a little longer in the Anglican Communion, though he had written a letter containing what seemed to him unanswerable arguments against that system. Even Dr. Newman had not yet come boldly out.

Faber took up his parochial work at Elton, forming a choir, having full cathedral service on Sundays and saints' days, and circulating a History of the Sacred Heart, which by many was considered to smack of popery. Three tracts which he wrote on examination of conscience were regarded as having a tendency to the establishment of Confession.

His practical efforts among his parishioners were appreciated. He wrote that he "had tumbled into a sad parish, — eight hundred people, and nearly four hundred *rabid* dissenters." His preaching was very popular; but the "rabid dissenters" found great scandal because he threw open his rectory grounds on Sunday afternoons, and allowed the young men to play cricket and foot-ball. The moral improvement manifested in the village overcame all opposition.

During his two years at Elton, in addition to his exacting duties, which kept him up half the night, a number of the young men used to meet at the rectory every night at twelve o'clock, and spend an hour in prayer; while on the eves of the great feasts these devotions were kept up for hours, in spite of the rappings and other noises, apparently made by mysterious agencies. Faber wrote a number of Lives of the English Saints, and brought out his "Sir Launcelot," — a poem in ten books, — also a volume of shorter pieces.

His position was almost unendurable; he sought relief in vain from his confessor. He fasted rigorously, carrying it to such extremes that he sometimes fainted while reading morning prayers; and, among other self-imposed penances, he wore a thick horsehair cord knotted round his waist.

In the autumn of 1845, Mr. Newman and a number of other friends joined the Romish Communion. He

himself was kept back by reason of pecuniary difficulties. Expensive alterations in the rectory, improvements in the glebe lands, together with his charitable donations, had plunged him deeply in debt. But a friend, who, however, was not in religious sympathy with him, hearing of his perplexity, generously paid the sum that he owed, and opened the way for him. On Sunday, Nov. 16, 1845, he officiated for the last time at Elton. At the evening service, after telling his people that the doctrines which he had taught them were true, but not those of the Church of England, and that therefore he could not remain in that Communion, he hastily descended the pulpit stairs, threw off his surplice, and, without stopping to pick it up, fled to his rectory, leaving the congregation in blank astonishment.

Some of his parishioners begged him to stay, assuring him that he might preach any doctrine he pleased; but he was inexorable. The following day he left Elton, and, with a few disciples who had determined to join the Roman Catholic Church with him, was admitted at Northampton. He declared that he felt himself from that time, like the apostles at Pentecost, permeated by the sensible presence of the Holy Ghost. His essentially feminine soul, always craving assurance, had found a safe harborage in authority.

Soon after, he went to Birmingham, where Mon

signor Wiseman was at that time. Bishop Wareing offered to admit him immediately to priest's orders; but this he declined. With his eight disciples, whom he called monks, he established a little community, hoping that a monastery might grow out of it. He took the name of "Brother Wilfrid of the Humanity of Jesus." He himself, as superior, acted as cook; and a friend who visited him in their humble quarters on Caroline Street found him at the fire stirring a kettle of pea-soup. He was dressed in a shaggy woolly cassock, and "looked so gaunt and hungry" that his friend "thought him the very beau-ideal of a wolf in sheep's clothing," though a "most innocent and excellent wolf."

Early in 1846, he went to Rome in the interests of his community, and, like all new converts, was very assiduous on his way in venerating relics and attending services. His letters to his "dear family in Caroline Street" are full of picturesque descriptions, as well as earnest advice. At Rome he became *steeped* in Catholicism. He and his companion, Mr. Hutchinson, brought back "large stores of rosaries, medals, crucifixes, prints," and similar pious treasures.

Through the munificence of Lord Shrewsbury, the new Oratory was provided with a delightful home at Cotton Hall, near Alton Towers. Shortly after their removal, Faber, who had been so much exhausted and enfeebled by his anxieties, almost completely broke

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE OAKLAND, CAL.

down. He thought that he was dying, and the sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered; but he recovered. All sorts of unkind remarks were made; it was even said, and believed, that Faber had strangled one of his monks. He was ordained to the priesthood on April 3, 1847, the anniversary of his father's death, and on Easter day said his first Mass. His preaching became very popular. It is said that within a few months only one Protestant family remained in all that parish, and that the Protestant church had only a clerk and two drunken men as regular communicants.

In 1848, Father Newman returned to England, and became superior of the Oratory at Bayswater; and Faber's "Community of the Brothers of the Will of God" were received into that congregation. It was shortly after this, while staying on the east coast of Yorkshire for his health, that he wrote his first two hymns, "Mother of Mercy" and "The Blessed Sacrament."

The following year the Congregation of the Oratory took on itself the task of continuing the series of Lives of the Saints which Faber had begun some time before, and which, owing to some misunderstanding, was suspended. The same year an Oratory was established in London, on King William Street, Strand. At first the community consisted of six Fathers and two novices. In 1854, new buildings were

erected Brompton, where a site was purchased for ten thousand pounds, the anonymous gift of a lady. The church, long, low, and undecorated, cost four thousand pounds. Sermons were preached every evening, and many additional services — confession, devotions — attracted large numbers of the devout.

Faber, who remained during the rest of his life the head of this establishment, was indefatigable in his exertions. His labors, and particularly his anxieties about the pecuniary success of the undertaking, brought on frequent attacks of illness, which were the only interruptions of his work.

The selection of the devotions and hymns, the subjects and style of the sermons, the arrangement of the benedictions, the exact performance of every ceremony prescribed by the rubrics, were all the objects of his minute personal superintendence.

After 1856, he took upon himself the additional responsibility of novice-master. This duty brought upon him the labor of answering personal letters from all parts of the country.

He rarely left the Oratory, and then only to visit different establishments under the charge of the Fathers. His chief recreation was to pass a few days at St. Mary's, Sydenham, where he was able to exercise his natural taste for landscape gardening. "The indescribable charm of his private intercourse" and his "wonderful brilliancy of conversation," which

were remarked by all who knew him, made his society a great delight to all the Fathers associated with him. He was peculiarly gifted in attracting children; and he often invited small parties of boys to St. Mary's, where he entertained and instructed them as no one else could.

In 1854, he was made Doctor of Divinity; and in 1861, he founded an Association of Saint Peter, the sole object of which was to offer prayers for the Pope. He was regarded as the leader of English Catholics, and his mission was regarded as distinctly to educate them in the duties and ceremonies of the Church. With this end in view, he was indefatigable in writing and preaching and lecturing. In the eight years between January, 1853, and December, 1860, he wrote and published eight closely printed volumes.

On one occasion, having begun a course of lectures on the Immaculate Heart of Mary, he received letters from several hearers who objected to the doctrines taught. When the time for the second lecture came, he announced that he would not continue the course. "Because," said he, "I trust I know what is due to my Lady's honor better than to cast her pearls before swine." In the same spirit, he was terribly severe upon those who failed to carry out all the prescribed forms and ceremonies with the most scrupulous exactness.

"All for Jesus; or, the Easy Ways of Divine Love," was published in 1853, and had an immense sale; forty thousand copies of the French translation were quickly disposed of.

"Growth in Holiness; or, the Progress of the Spiritual Life," "The Blessed Sacrament; or, the Works and Ways of God," "The Foot of the Cross; or, The Sorrows of Mary," "The Precious Blood; or, The Price of our Salvation," "Bethlehem," are the titles of Father Faber's best-known prose works. In 1857, he printed a collected edition of his poems, and, in 1858, a new edition of "Sir Launcelot."

Some of his hymns were printed in 1848 for the use of his congregation at St. Wilfrid's. A volume entitled "Jesus and Mary," published the following year, embraced a considerable number additional. The "Oratory Hymns," containing one hundred and fifty, came out in 1862.

The last three years of Faber's life were seriously complicated with sickness. It was at last discovered that he was suffering from Bright's disease. He gradually failed, and died on the 26th of September, 1863.

At the funeral it was remarked that, through various circumstances, not a single person with whom he was connected by ties of blood was present.

But his death was sincerely mourned by Catholics all over the world; a pillar of their faith had indeed been overthrown. His works, however, remained, and the story of his life, which was remarkable for its religious character. His aim throughout was to sacrifice himself to his duty and to God. To quote from his biographer, John Edward Bowden, who was connected with him in the Oratory: "Words cannot reproduce the gracious presence, the musical voice, the captivating smile, cannot give back to earthly life the charm of person or the fascination of manner, any more than the fire of genius or the nobility of soul, and cannot, therefore, satisfy those whose labors were cheered, and sorrows comforted, whose interior lives were formed and directed to God, whose brightest, happiest hours were blessed by the wisdom, holiness, and love of Frederick William Faber."

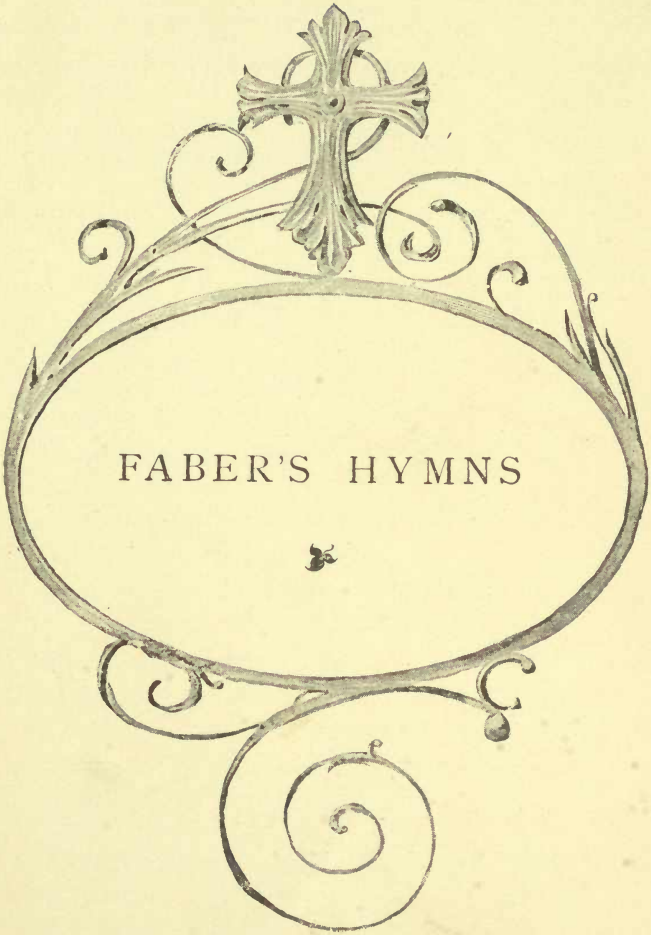
Faber's great legacy to the world was his hymns, which have been adopted by all denominations as the expression of the most intense and personal religious feeling. In these, all hearts may join and throb in sympathy, bowing before the same Divinity, which fills the universe.

The following collection of Faber's Hymns, while not complete, nevertheless contains all the best known and most popular of his religious poems, and may be

safely claimed to be representative. One or two have been shortened by the omission of a stanza, but absolutely no changes have been made in the author's diction. The little volume is offered in the hope that it will meet with the acceptation of all who appreciate Faber's deeply religious spirit, and who enjoy his spontaneous outbursts of lyrical devotion.

N. H. D.





FABER'S HYMNS

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FABER'S HYMNS.

THE UNITY OF GOD.

ONE God! one Majesty!
There is no God but Thee!
Unbounded, unextended Unity!

Awful in unity,
O God! we worship Thee,
More simply one, because supremely Three!

Dread, unbeginning One!
Single, yet not alone,
Creation hath not set Thee on a higher throne

Unfathomable Sea!
All life is out of Thee,
And Thy life is Thy blissful Unity.

All things that from Thee run,
All works that Thou hast done,
Thou didst in honor of Thy being One.

And by Thy being One,
Ever by that alone,
Couldst Thou do, and doest, what Thou hast done.

We from Thy oneness come,
Beyond it cannot roam,
And in Thy oneness find our one eternal home.

Blest be Thy Unity!
All joys are one to me, —
The joy that there can be no other God than Thee!

THE HOLY TRINITY.

O Blessed Trinity!
Thy children dare to lift their hearts to Thee,
And bless Thy triple Majesty!
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
Holy, unfathomable, infinite,
Thou art all Life and Love and Light!
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
God of a thousand attributes! we see
That there is no one good but Thee.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
In our astonished reverence we confess
Thine uncreated loveliness.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
O simplest Majesty! O Three in One!
Thou art for ever God alone.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
The Fountain of the Godhead, in repose,
For ever rests, for ever flows.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
O Unbegotten Father! give us tears
To quench our love, to calm our fears.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
Bright Son! who art the Father's mind displayed,
Thou art begotten and not made.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
Coequal Spirit! wondrous Paraclete!
By Thee the Godhead is complete.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
We praise Thee, bless Thee, worship Thee as One,
Yet Three are on the single Throne.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

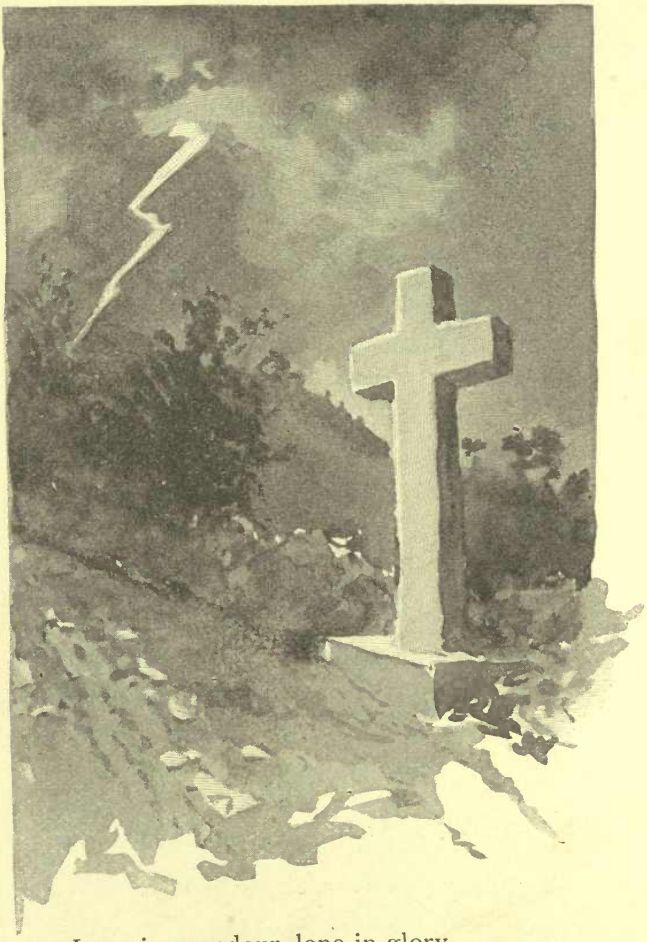
O Blessed Trinity!
In the deep darkness of prayer's stillest night
We worship Thee blinded with light.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
Oh would that we could die of love for Thee,
Incomparable Trinity!
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

MAJESTY DIVINE.

FULL of glory, full of wonders,
Majesty Divine!
Mid Thine everlasting thunders
How Thy lightnings shine!
Shoreless Ocean! who shall sound Thee?
Thine own eternity is round Thee,
Majesty Divine!

Timeless, spaceless, single, lonely,
Yet sublimely Three,
Thou art grandly, always, only
God in Unity!



Lone in grandeur, lone in glory,
Who shall tell Thy wondrous story,
Awful Trinity?

Speechlessly, without beginning,
 Sun that never rose!
Vast, adorable, and winning,
 Day that hath no close!
Bliss from Thine own glory tasting,
Everliving, everlasting,
 Life that never grows!

Thine own Self for ever filling
 With self-kindled flame,
In Thyself Thou art distilling
 Unctions without name!
Without worshipping of creatures,
Without veiling of Thy features,
 God always the same!

In Thy praise of Self untiring
 Thy perfections shine;
Self-sufficient, self-admiring, —
 Such life must be Thine; —
Glorifying Self, yet blameless,
With a sanctity all shameless,
 It is so divine!

Mid Thine uncreated morning,
 Like a trembling star
I behold creation's dawning
 Glimmering from far;
Nothing giving, nothing taking,
Nothing changing, nothing breaking,
 Waiting at time's bar!

I with life and love diurnal
 See myself in Thee,
All embalmed in love eternal,
 Floating in Thy sea:
Mid Thine uncreated whiteness
I behold Thy glory's brightness
 Feed itself on me.

Splendors upon splendors beaming
 Change and intertwine;
Glories over glories streaming
 All translucent shine!
Blessings, praises, adorations
Greet Thee from the trembling nations!
 Majesty Divine!

GOD.

HAVE mercy on us, God Most High!
 Who lift our hearts to Thee;
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
 Most holy Trinity!

Most ancient of all mysteries!
 Before Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
 Most holy Trinity!

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE OAKLAND, CAL.

When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone!

Thou wert not born; there was no fount
From which Thy Being flowed;
There is no end which Thou canst reach:
But Thou art simply God.

How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless;
And, oh! what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness?



How beautiful the Angels are,
The Saints how bright in bliss;
But with Thy beauty, Lord! compared,
How dull, how poor is this!

No wonder Saints have died of love,
No wonder hearts can break,
Pure hearts that once have learned to love
God for His own dear sake.

O listen, then, Most Pitiful!
To Thy poor creature's heart;
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art!

Most ancient of all mysteries!
Still at Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most holy Trinity!

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

O LORD! my heart is sick,
Sick of this everlasting change;
And life runs tediously quick
Through its unresting race and varied range
Change finds no likeness to itself in Thee,
And wakes no echo in Thy mute eternity.

Dear Lord! my heart is sick
Of this perpetual lapsing time,
So slow in grief, in joy so quick,
Yet ever casting shadows so sublime:

Time of all creatures is least like to Thee,
And yet it is our share of Thine eternity.

Oh change and time are storms
For lives so thin and frail as ours;
For change the work of grace deforms
With love that soils, and help that overpowers;
And time is strong, and, like some chafing sea,
It seems to fret the shores of Thine eternity.

Weak, weak, for ever weak!
We cannot hold what we possess;
Youth cannot find, age will not seek, —
Oh weakness is the heart's worst weariness:
But weakest hearts can lift their thoughts to Thee;
It makes us strong to think of Thine eternity.

Thou hadst no youth, great God!
An Unbeginning End Thou art;
Thy glory in itself abode,
And still abides in its own tranquil heart:
No age can heap its outward years on Thee:
Dear God! Thou art Thyself Thine own eternity!

Without an end or bound
Thy life lies all outspread in light;
Our lives feel Thy life all around,
Making our weakness strong, our darkness bright;
Yet is it neither wilderness nor sea,
But the calm gladness of a full eternity.

Oh Thou art very great
To set Thyself so far above!
But we partake of Thine estate,
Established in Thy strength and in Thy love:
That love hath made eternal room for me
In the sweet vastness of its own eternity.

Oh Thou art very meek
To overshade Thy creatures thus:
Thy grandeur is the shade we seek;
To be eternal is Thy use to us:
Ah Blessed God! what joy it is to me
To lose all thought of self in Thine eternity.

Self-wearied, Lord! I come;
For I have lived my life too fast:
Now that years bring me nearer home
Grace must be slowly used to make it last;
When my heart beats too quick I think of Thee,
And of the leisure of Thy long eternity.

Farewell, vain joys of earth!
Farewell, all love that is not His!
Dear God! be Thou my only mirth,
Thy majesty my single timid bliss!
Oh in the bosom of eternity
Thou dost not weary of Thyself, nor we of Thee!

THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

O MAJESTY unspeakable and dread!
 Wert Thou less mighty than Thou art,
Thou wert, O Lord! too great for our belief,
 Too little for our heart.

Thy greatness would seem monstrous by the side
 Of creatures frail and undivine;
Yet they would have a greatness of their own
 Free and apart from Thine.

Such grandeur were but a created thing,
 A spectre, terror, and a grief,
Out of all keeping with a world so calm,
 Oppressing our belief.

But greatness, which is infinite, makes room
 For all things in its lap to lie;
We should be crushed by a magnificence
 Short of infinity.

It would outgrow us from the face of things,
 Still prospering as we decayed,
And, like a tyrannous rival, it would feed
 Upon the wrecks it made.

But what is infinite must be a home,
 A shelter for the meanest life,
Where it is free to reach its greatest growth
 Far from the touch of strife.

We share in what is infinite: 't is ours,
For we and it alike are Thine;
What I enjoy, great God! by right of Thee
Is more than doubly mine.

Thus doth Thy hospitable greatness lie
Outside us like a boundless sea;
We cannot lose ourselves where all is home,
Nor drift away from Thee.

Out on that sea we are in harbor still,
And scarce advert to winds and tides,
Like ships that ride at anchor, with the waves
Flapping against their sides.

Thus doth Thy grandeur make us grand ourselves;
'T is goodness bids us fear;
Thy greatness makes us brave as children are,
When those they love are near.

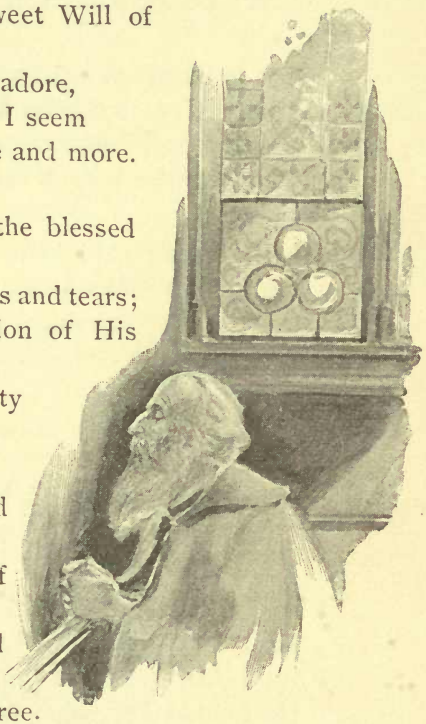
Great God! our lowliness takes heart to play
Beneath the shadow of Thy state;
The only comfort of our littleness
Is that Thou art so great.

Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me down;
Already life is heaven for me:
No cradled child more softly lies than I, —
Come soon, Eternity!

THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God!
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love Thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His Heart
Those Three-and-thirty years.



And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of Thee,—
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

I love to see Thee bring to naught
The plans of wily men;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
Oh, Thou art loveliest then!

The headstrong world, it presses hard
Upon the Church full oft,
And then how easily Thou turn'st
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

I know not what it is to doubt;
My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for come what will,
Thou always hast Thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gayly waits on Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
 Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
 More angel like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
 Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take
 The road that Thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
 To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be His sweet Will.

THE ETERNAL FATHER.

FATHER! the sweetest, dearest Name
 That men or angels know!
Fountain of life, that had no fount
 From which itself could flow!

Thy life is one unwearing day;
Before its Now Thou hast
No varied future yet unlived,
No lapse of changeless past.

Thou comest not, Thou goest not,
Thou wert not, wilt not be;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee.

No epochs lie behind Thy life;
Thou hold'st Thy life of none:
No other life is by Thy side;
Thine is supremely lone.

Far upward in the timeless past,
Ere form or space had come,
We see Thee by Thine own dread light,
Thyself Thine only home.

Thy vastness is not young or old;
Thy life hath never grown;
No time can measure out Thy days,
No space can make Thy throne.

Thy life is deep within Thyself,
Sole Unbegotten Sire!
But Son and Spirit flow from Thee
In coeternal fire.

They flow from Thee; They rest in Thee,
As in a Father's breast, —
Procession of eternal love,
Pulses of endless rest!

That They in majesty should reign
Coequal, Sire! with Thee,
But magnifies the singleness
Of Thy paternity.

Their uncreated glories, Lord!
With Thine own glory shine;
Thy glory as the Father needs
That Theirs should equal Thine.

All things are equal in Thy life:
Thou joy'st to be alone,
To have no sire, and yet to have
A coeternal Son.

Thy Spirit is Thy jubilee;
Thy Word is Thy delight;
Thou givest Them to equal Thee
In glory and in might.

Thou art too great to keep unshared
Thy grand eternity;
They have it as Thy gift to Them,
Which is no gift to Thee.

We too, like Thy coequal Word,
Within Thy lap may rest;
We too, like Thine Eternal Dove,
May nestle in Thy Breast.

Lone Fountain of the Godhead! hail!
Person most dread and dear!
I thrill with frightened joy to feel
Thy fatherhood so near.

Lost in Thy greatness, Lord! I live,
As in some gorgeous maze;
Thy sea of unbegotten light
Blinds me, and yet I gaze.

For Thy grandeur is all tenderness,
All motherlike and meek;
The hearts that will not come to it
Humbling itself to seek.

Thou feign'st to be remote, and speak'st
As if from far above,
That fear may make more bold with Thee,
And be beguiled to love.

On earth Thou hidest, not to scare
Thy children with Thy light,
Then showest us Thy face in heaven,
When we can bear the sight.



All fathers learn their craft from Thee;
All loves are shadows cast
From the beautiful, eternal hills
Of Thine unbeginning past.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

My God! how wonderful Thou art!
Thy Majesty, how bright!
How beautiful Thy Mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

Oh how I fear Thee, Living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

Oh then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me Thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,
Oh what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the Name,
Earth has no higher bliss!

Father of Jesus, love's Reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

MY FATHER.

O GOD! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.

Yet more than all, and ever more,
Should we Thy creatures bless,
Most worshipful of attributes,
Thine awful holiness.

There 's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still;
There 's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

I see Thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round Thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see Thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

I see Thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God! yet not alone.

Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of Thee have drunk their fill,
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.

Mary, herself a sea of grace,
Hath all been drawn from Thine;
And Thou couldst fill a thousand more
From out those depths divine.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE OAKLAND, CAL.

From Thee were drawn those worlds of life,
The Saviour's Heart and Soul;
And undiminished still, Thy waves
Of calmest glory roll.

All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed, —

All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.

O GOD! who wert my childhood's love,
My boyhood's pure delight,
A presence felt the livelong day,
A welcome fear at night, —

Oh let me speak to Thee, dear God!
Of those old mercies past,
O'er which new mercies day by day
Such lengthening shadows cast.

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord!
Sweet was the freedom deemed,
And yet more like a mother's ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

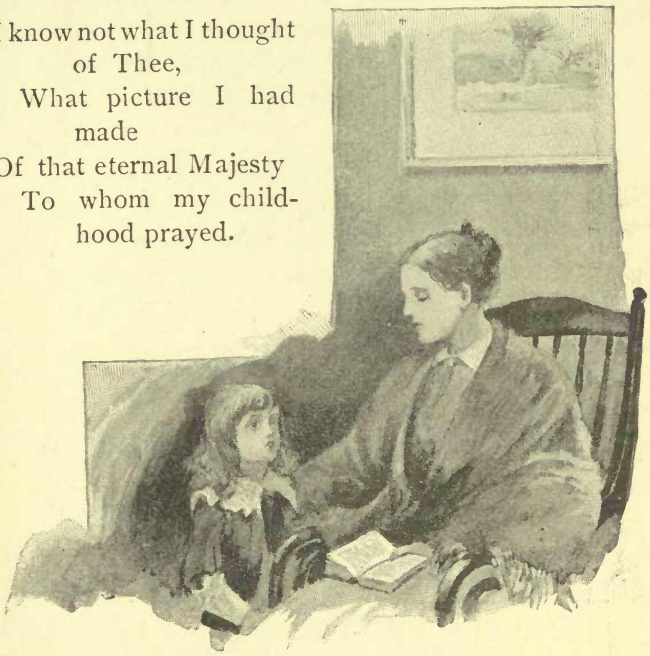
At school Thou wert a kindly Face
Which I could almost see;
But home and holyday appeared
Somehow more full of Thee.

I could not sleep unless Thy Hand
Were underneath my head,
That I might kiss it, if I lay
Wakeful upon my bed.

And quite alone I never felt, —
I knew that Thou wert near,
A silence tingling in the room,
A strangely pleasant fear.

And to home-Sundays long since past
How fondly memory clings;
For then my mother told of Thee
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

I know not what I thought
of Thee,
What picture I had
made
Of that eternal Majesty
To whom my child-
hood prayed.



I know I used to lie awake,
And tremble at the shape
Of my own thoughts, yet did not wish
Thy terrors to escape.

I had no secrets as a child,
Yet never spoke of Thee;
The nights we spent together, Lord!
Were only known to me.

I lived two lives, which seemed distinct,
Yet which did intertwine:
One was my mother's — it is gone —
The other, Lord! was Thine.

I never wandered from Thee, Lord!
But sinned before Thy Face;
Yet now, on looking back, my sins
Seem all beset with grace.

With age Thou grewest more divine,
More glorious than before;
I feared Thee with a deeper fear,
Because I loved Thee more.

Thou broadenest out with every year,
Each breadth of life to meet:
I scarce can think Thou art the same,
Thou art so much more sweet.

Changed and not changed, Thy present charms
Thy past ones only prove;
Oh make my heart more strong to bear
This newness of Thy love!

These novelties of love! — when will
Thy goodness find an end?
Whither will Thy compassions, Lord!
Incredibly extend?

Father! what hast Thou grown to now?
A joy all joys above,
Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love!

With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God! to see Thy Face;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart
Oh make Thyself more space!

THE ETERNAL WORD.

AMID the eternal silences
God's endless Word was spoken;
None heard but He who always spake,
And the silence was unbroken.
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word!

For ever in the eternal land
The glorious day is dawning;
For ever is the Father's Light
Like an endless outspread morning.

From the Father's vast tranquillity,
In light coequal glowing,
The kingly consubstantial Word
Is unutterably flowing.

For ever climbs that Morning Star
Without ascent or motion;
For ever is its daybreak shed
On the Spirit's boundless ocean.

O Word! who fitly can adore
Thy Birth and Thy Relation,
Lost in the impenetrable light
Of Thine awful Generation?

Thy Father clasps Thee evermore
In unspeakable embraces,
While the angels tremble as they praise,
And shroud their dazzled faces.

And oh! in what abyss of love,
So fiery yet so tender,
The Holy Ghost encircles Thee
With His uncreated splendor!

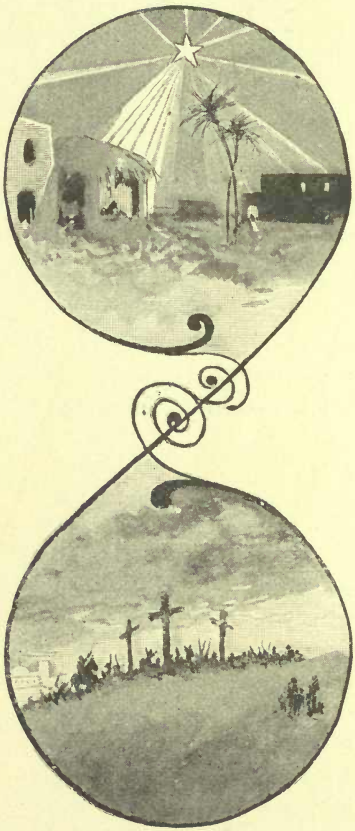
O Word! O dear and gentle Word!
Thy creatures kneel before Thee,
And in ecstasies of timid love
Delightedly adore Thee.

Hail choicest mystery of God!
Hail wondrous Generation!
The Father's self-sufficient rest!
The Spirit's jubilation!

Dear Person! dear beyond all words,
Glorious beyond all telling!
Oh with what songs of silent love
Our ravished hearts are swelling!
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word!

JESUS IS GOD.

JESUS is God! The solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.



Jesus is God! The glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross true God,
He who in heaven eternal reigned
In time on earth abode.

Jesus is God! There never was
A time when He was not:
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot!
Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
Onward through endless bliss, —
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are His!

Jesus is God! Alas! they say
On earth the numbers grow,
Who His Divinity blaspheme
To their unfailing woe.
And yet what is the single end
Of this life's mortal span,
Except to glorify the God
Who for our sakes was man?

Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil;
Worth while a thousand years of life
To speak one little word,
If by our Credo we might own
The Godhead of our Lord!

Jesus is God! Oh could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh had I but an angel's voice
I would proclaim so loud, —
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

Jesus is God! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,

More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.
We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

JESUS, MY GOD AND MY ALL.

O JESUS, Jesus! dearest Lord!
Forgive me if I say
For very love Thy Sacred Name
A thousand times a day.

I love Thee so, I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

Oh wonderful! that Thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine
Love Thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine.

The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me;
Ah! dearest Jesus! I have grown
Childish with love of Thee!

For Thou to me art all in all,
My honor and my wealth,
My heart's desire, my body's strength,
My soul's eternal health.

Burn, burn, O Love! within my heart,
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
Is burned, and burned away.

O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,
O Heaven begun on earth!
Jesus! my Love! my Treasure! who
Can tell what Thou art worth?

O Jesus! Jesus! sweetest Lord!
What art Thou not to me?
Each hour brings joy before unknown,
Each day new liberty!

What limit is there to thee, love?
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?
On! on! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

Oh love of Jesus! Blessed love!
So will it ever be;
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
No, nor eternity!

THE ETERNAL SPIRIT.

FOUNTAIN of Love! Thyself true God!
Who through eternal days
From Father and from Son hast flowed
In uncreated ways!

O Majesty unspeakable!
O Person all divine!
How in the Threefold Majesty,
Doth Thy Procession shine!

Fixed in the Godhead's awful light
Thy fiery Breath doth move;
Thou art a wonder by Thyself
To worship and to love!

Proceeding, yet of equal age
With those whose love Thou art;
Proceeding, yet distinct, from those
From whom Thou seem'st to part.

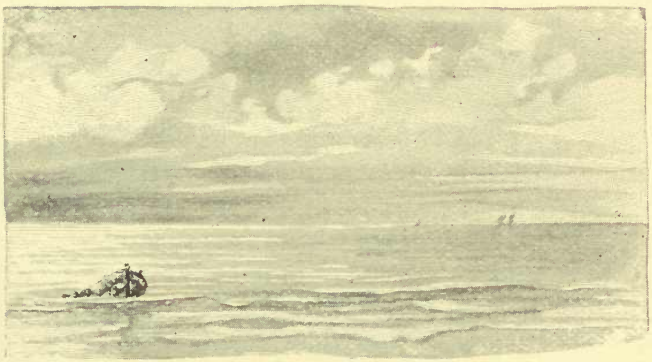
An undivided Nature shared
With Father and with Son;
A Person by Thyself; with Them
Thy simple essence One;

Bond art Thou of the other Twain!
Omnipotent and free!

The consummating Love of God!
The Limit of the Three!

Thou limitest infinity,
Thyself all infinite;
The Godhead lives, and loves, and rests,
In Thine eternal light.

I dread Thee, Unbegotten Love:
True God! sole Fount of Grace!
And now before Thy Blessed throne
My sinful self abase.



Ocean, wide-flowing Ocean, Thou,
Of uncreated Love;
I tremble as within my soul
I feel Thy waters move.

Thou art a sea without a shore;
 Awful, immense Thou art;
A sea which can contract itself
 Within my narrow heart.

And yet Thou art a haven, too,
 Out on the shoreless sea,
A harbor that can hold full well
 Shipwrecked Humanity.

Thou art an unborn Breath outbreathed
 On angels and on men,
Subduing all things to Thyself,
 We know not how or when.

Thou art a God of fire, that doth
 Create while He consumes!
A God of light, whose rays on earth
 Darken where He illumes!

All things! dread Spirit! to Thy praise
 Thy Presence doth transmute;
Evil itself Thy glory bears,
 Its one abiding fruit!

O Light! O Love! O very God!
 I dare no longer gaze
Upon Thy wondrous attributes,
 And their mysterious ways.

O Spirit, beautiful and dread!
My heart is fit to break
With love of all Thy tenderness
For us poor sinners' sake.

Thy love of Jesus I adore;
My comfort this shall be,
That, when I serve my dearest Lord,
That service worships Thee!

VENI CREATOR.

Oh come, Creator Spirit! come,
Vouchsafe to make our minds Thy home;
And with Thy heavenly grace fulfil
The hearts Thou madest at Thy will.

Thou that art named the Paraclete,
The Gift of God, His Spirit sweet;
The Living Fountain, Fire and Love,
And gracious Unction from above.

Thy sevenfold grace Thou dost expand,
O Finger of the Father's Hand;
True Promise of the Father, rich
In gifts of tongues and various speech.

Kindle our senses with Thy light,
And lead our hearts to love aright:
Stablish our weakness, and refresh
With fortitude our fainting flesh.

Repel far off our deadly foe,
And peace on us forthwith bestow;
With Thee for Guide we need not fear,
Where Thou art, evil comes not near.

By Thee the Father let us bless,
By Thee the Eternal Son confess,
And Thee Thyself we evermore,
The Spirit of Them Both, adore.

To God the Father let us raise,
And to His only Son, our praise:
Praise to the Holy Spirit be
Now and for all eternity.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

COME, Holy Spirit! from the height
Of heaven send down Thy blessed light!
Come, Father of the friendless poor!
Giver of gifts, and Light of hearts,
Come with that unction which imparts
Such consolations as endure.

The Soul's Refreshment and her Guest,
Shelter in heat, in labor Rest,
 The sweetest Solace in our woe!
Come, blissful Light! oh come and fill,
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,
 And make our inward fervor glow.

Where Thou art, Lord! there is no ill,
For evil's self Thy light can kill:
 Oh let that light upon us rise!
Lord! heal our wounds, and cleanse our stains,
Fountain of grace! and with Thy rains
 Our barren spirits fertilize.

Bend with Thy fires our stubborn will,
And quicken what the world would chill,
 And homeward call the feet that stray:
Virtue's reward, and final grace,
The Eternal Vision face to face,
 Spirit of Love! for these we pray.

Come, Holy Spirit! bid us live;
To those who trust Thy mercy give
 Joys that through endless ages flow:
Thy various gifts, foretastes of Heaven,
Those that are named Thy sacred Seven,
 On us, O God of love, bestow.

HOLY GHOST, COME DOWN UPON THY CHILDREN.

HOLY GHOST! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

For all within us good and holy
Is from Thee, Thy precious gift;
In all our joys, in all our sorrows,
Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

For Thou to us art more than father,
More than sister, in Thy love,
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove!
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

Oh we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit!
Wayward, wanton, cold are we:
And still our sins, new every morning,
Never yet have wearied Thee.

Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou waited,
While our hearts were slowly turned!
How often hath Thy love been slighted,
While for us it grieved and burned!
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
We would take Thee for our Lord!
O dearest Spirit! make us faithful
To Thy least and lightest word.
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

Ah! sweet Consoler! though we cannot
Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,
They will not be always thus.
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

With hearts so vile how dare we venture,
Holy Ghost! to love Thee so?
And how canst Thou, with such compassion
Bear so long with things so low?
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

Paraphrased from the Paradisus Animæ.

FATHER! Creator! Lord Most High!
Sweet Jesus! Fount of Clemency!
Blest Spirit! who dost sanctify!
God ruling over all!
The Dolors Christ did once endure,
Oh grant that I, with spirit pure,
Devoutly may recall.

Jesus! Thou didst a Mother choose,
Whose Seed the serpent's head should bruise,
Seed of a Virgin Womb;
Oh bruise that serpent now in me,
Bruise him, good Lord! that I may be
Thine at the Day of Doom.

Jesus ! the saints in spirit soar,
Where angels hymn for evermore
The Judge who shall appear ;
Receive a suppliant that would raise
His voice unto that choir of praise,
But is half mute through fear.

THE INFANCY AND YOUTH OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS BAPTISM.

Jesus ! who from Thy Throne didst come,
And man's most vile estate assume,
Our fallen race to lift,
Oh grant that such transcending love
To me through Thine own grace, may prove
No ineffectual gift.

Jesus ! whom Mary once conceived
Through grace, her backward fears relieved
By angel's salutation,
May I, within a chastened heart,
Conceive Thee, Living Word, who art
My God and my Salvation.

Jesus ! whom Thy sweet Mother bore
To Saint Elizabeth of yore,
On Jewry's mountain lea ;
Oh may'st Thou oft, in ways concealed,
To heart but not to eye revealed,
Vouchsafe to visit me.

Jesus! kind visitant of earth,
Of sinless and of painless birth,
Thy Mother's only-born,
May love with undiverted flame
Ascend, and for Thy glorious Name
All other nuptials scorn.

Jesus! the spacious world was Thine,
Yet, when Thou would'st Thy Head recline
It scarce found room for Thee;
And oh! shall sinful man be bent
On self-sought greatness, not content
With Christ-like poverty?

Jesus! for whom the Shepherds sought
As Infant, by the angels taught
From out the midnight sky,
Oh may I love Thy praise on earth,
That I may one day share the mirth
Of angel hosts on high.

Jesus! my God and Saviour, Thou,
Sinless, didst as a sinner bow
To ordinance divine;
Oh curb my loose and wandering eyes,
Prune my self-will, and circumcise
This carnal heart of mine.

Jesus! before Thy manger, kings
Lay prostrate with their offerings,

A most unworldly throne;
Thou to my cradle camest, Lord,
With gifts invisibly outpoured
From waters of Thine own.

Jesus! whom Thy meek Mother vowed
To God, whose law would have allowed
Her first-born to go free,
Oh give me such a humble mind,
That in obedience I may find
The choicest liberty.

Jesus! sweet fugitive, who fled
From Herod's bloody net outspread
For Thy dear Infancy,
Give me, O Lord, like modest care
To fly the world when it speaks fair,
To steal Thy grace away.

Jesus! whom Thy sad Mother sought,
And in the Temple found, who taught
The aged in Thy youth:
How blest are they who keep aright,
Or find, when lost, the living light
Of Thine eternal truth!

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

THE LIFE OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS PASSION.



Jesus! the Father's words approve
His Son in Jordan, while the Dove,
Bright Witness, hovers down;
So wash me, Lord, that I may be,
At the Great Day, approved of Thee,
Before Thy Father's throne.

Jesus! who in the strength of fast,
Through Adam's three temptations passed,
On Adam's trial-ground,
In me let hallowed abstinence
The issues seal of carnal sense,
And Satan's wiles confound.

Jesus! Thou didst the fishers call,
Who straightway at Thy voice left all,
To teach the world of Thee;

May I with ready will obey
Thine inward call, and keep the way
Of Thy simplicity.

Jesus! who deign'dst to be a guest,
Where Mary's gently urged behest
With Thy kind power made free,
May I mine earthly kinsfolk love,
In such pure ways, that I may prove
My greater love for Thee.

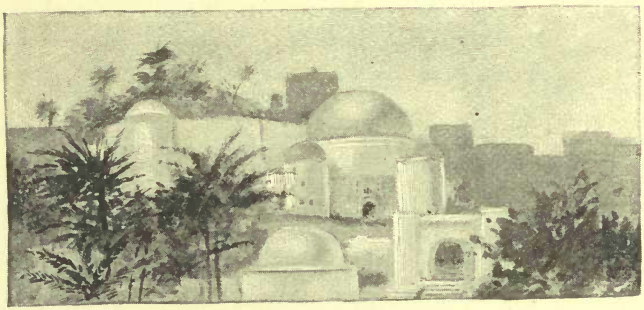
Jesus! how toiled Thy blessed Feet
O'er hill and dale and stony street,
Through weary want and pain!
Oh may I rather for Thy sake
The hardships Thou hast hallowed take
Than joys Thou didst disdain.

Jesus! in all the zeal of love
How amiably didst Thou reprove
Poor wretches lost in sin!
Ah! may I first in penance live,
Rebuking self, then humbly strive
My brother's soul to win.

Jesus! who didst the multitude
Twice nourish with miraculous food
Of soul and body both,
Give me my daily bread, O Lord,
Thy Flesh, Thyself, Incarnate Word!
Which feeds our heavenly growth.

Jesus! Thy gracious truth revealing,
All sorrow soothing, sickness healing,
And so requiting hate,
Oh grant that I may ever be
Like-minded, blessed Lord! with Thee,
And envy no man's state.

Jesus! transfigured on the height
Of Tabor in mysterious light
From heaven's eternal fountain,
If such the earthly type, oh lead,
Lead me where Thou Thy flock dost feed
Upon the holy mountain.



Jesus! who wept o'er Salem's towers,
Wept for her long and baleful hours
Of misery and sin!
O Love Divine, could I but borrow
From Thy sweet strength such strength of sorrow
As might her pardon win!

Jesus! and do I now behold
My God, my Saviour, bought and sold,
A traitor's merchandise?
Oh grant that I may never be
A Judas, dearest Lord, to Thee,
For all that earth can prize.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

THE PASSION OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS CRUCIFIXION.

Jesus! who deem'dst it not unmeet
To wash Thine own disciples' feet,
Though Thou wert Lord of all;
Teach me thereby this wisdom meek,
That they who self-abasement seek
Alone shall fear no fall.

Jesus! who Thy true Flesh didst take
Upon the Paschal night, and break
For our most precious Food,
O Living Bread, be Thou my strength
Through which the world and flesh, at length,
In me may be subdued.

Jesus! who in the garden felt
The bloody sweat, yet patient knelt
To do Thy Father's will,
To give me such a zealous mind
To suffer, such a heart resigned
Thy statutes to fulfil.

Jesus! Thy friends are fain to sleep,
While to the unresisting Sheep
The cruel wolves repair;
May I be found as meek and still
By those who wish or work me ill,
And, like my Lord, at prayer.

Jesus! who saw'st on that sad night
Thine own, Thy chosen, take to flight,
And leave their Lord by stealth;
Oh may we learn in grief and care
Those harder trials still to bear, —
Prosperity and wealth.

Jesus! who meekly silent stood
Before the accusing multitude,
Do Thou my tongue control,
Set on my busy lips Thy seal;
Ascetic silence oft can heal
The sickness of the soul.

Jesus! whom Peter then denied,
Thou with one gentle look didst chide
The weak disciple's fears;

If ever I deny Thy Name,
Thy Cross, oh send me speedy shame,
Oh give me Peter's tears.

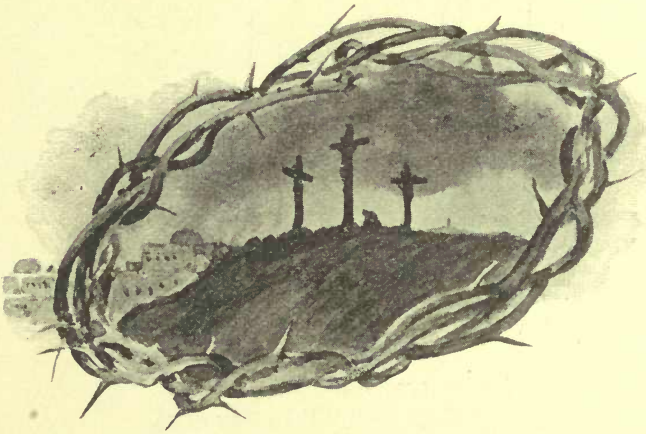
Jesus! the Judge of quick and dead,
Thyself, when falsely judged, wert led
In mock regalia clad;
May I my solemn office fill,
Judge of myself, and think no ill,
Not even of the bad.

Jesus! when scourged and buffeted
And spit upon, Thy sacred Head
Was bow'd to earth for me;
Oh may I pardon find, and bliss,
And expiating love in this
My Lord's indignity.

Jesus! with crown of ruddy thorn
The Jews Thy tortured brow adorn,
And, jeering, hail Thee king;
May I, O Lord, with heart sincere
My humble zeal, my love, and fear,
And real homage bring

Jesus! for whom the wicked Jews
A vile and blood-stained robber choose,
Have mercy, Lord, on me,
And keep me from a choice so base
As taking wealth or ease or place,
Barabbas, Lord! for Thee.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!



THE CRUCIFIXION, AND WHAT WAS DONE UPON THE CROSS.

Jesus! along Thy proper road
Of sorrows, with Thy weary Load,
How didst Thou toil and strain!
Oh may I bear the Cross like Thee,
Or rather, Lord, do Thou in me
The blessed weight sustain.

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Jesus! on that most doleful day
How were Thy garments stripped away,
Thy holy Limbs laid bare!
Oh may no works or ways unclean
Despoil me of that modest mien
Thy servants, Lord, should wear.

Jesus! what direst agony
Was Thine, upon the bitter tree,
With healing virtues rife!
Oh may I count all things but loss,
All for the glory of the Cross,
The sinner's Tree of Life.

Jesus! around Thy sacred Head
There is an ominous brightness shed, —
The Name which Pilate wrote;
Save us, Thou royal Nazarene!
For in that Threefold Name are seen
The gifts Thy passion brought.

Jesus! who to the Father prayed
For those who all Thy love repaid
With this dread cup of woes,
Teach me to conquer, Lord, like Thee,
By patience and benignity,
The thwarting of my foes.

Jesus! who, come to seek and save,
Absolved the thief, and promise gave
Of peace among the blest,

Ah! do Thou give me penitence
Like this, that I, when summoned hence,
In paradise may rest.

Jesus! who bade the virgin John
Thy Mother take when Thou wert gone,
And in Thy stead to be;
Oh when I yield my parting breath,
Be Thou beside me, and in death,
Good Lord, remember me.

Jesus! true Man, who cried aloud,
Toward the ninth hour, My God, My God,
Oh why am I forsaken?
Lord! may I never fall from Thee,
Nor e'en in life's extremity
My humble trust be shaken.

Jesus! athirst, the soldiers think
To mock Thee, giving Thee to drink
What might inflame Thy pain;
Ah! mindful of the loathsome draught
Which for my sins my Saviour quaffed,
May I my flesh restrain.

Jesus! Redeemer, all the price
Of Adam's sin Thy sacrifice
Did more than fully pay;
May I my stewardship fulfil
With equal strictness, and Thy will
With scrupulous love obey.

Jesus! Thy passion at an end,
Thou didst Thy blameless Soul commend
Unto the Father's care;
When my last hour is come, may I
Hasten with meek alacrity
To do Thy will elsewhere.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

WHAT WAS DONE AFTER HIS DEATH: BURIAL, RESURRECTION, ASCENSION, SESSION, AND SECOND ADVENT.

Jesus! all hail, who for my sin
Didst die, and by that death didst win
Eternal life for me;
Send me Thy grace, good Lord! that I
Unto the world and flesh may die,
And hide my life with Thee.

Jesus! from out Thine open Side
Thou hast the thirsty world supplied
With endless streams of love;
Come ye who would your sickness quell,
Draw freely from that sacred well,
Its heavenly virtues prove.

Jesus! Thy Passion's bitter smart
Pierced like a sword Thy Mother's heart,
As Simeon prophesied;
So fix my heart unto Thy Cross,
That I may count all gain but loss
For Jesus Crucified!

Jesus! in spices wrapped, and laid
Within the garden's rocky shade,
By jealous seals made sure,
Embalm me with Thy grace, and hide
Thy servant in Thy wounded Side,
A heavenly sepulture!

Jesus! who to the spirits went,
And preached the new enfranchisement
Thy recent death had won,
Absolve me, Lord! and set me free
From self and sin, that I may be
Bondsman to Thee alone.

Jesus! who from the dead arose,
And straightway sought to comfort those
Whose weak faith mourned for Thee,
Oh may I rise from sin and earth,
And so make good that second birth
Which Thou hast wrought in me.

Jesus! who wert at Emmaus known
In breaking bread, and thus art shown
Unto Thy people now,

Oh may my heart within me burn.
When at the Altar I discern
Thy Body, Lord! and bow.



Jesus! amid yon olives hoar,
Thy forty days of sojourn o'er,
Thou didst ascend on high;
Oh thither may my heart and mind
Ascend, their home and harbor find
With Jesus in the sky.

Jesus! ten silent days expired,
The Eternal Spirit came, and fired
With His celestial heat
Thine infant Church; oh may that light
Within one pasture now unite
Men's widely wandering feet.

Jesus! who at this very hour
At God's Right Hand in pomp and power
Our natures still dost wear,
Oh let Thy wounds still intercede,
And by their simple silence plead
Thy countless merits there.

Jesus! who shalt in glory come
With angels to the final doom,
Men's works and wills to weigh,
Since from that pomp I cannot flee,
Be pitiful, great Lord! to me
In that tremendous day.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

ROME, VILLA STROZZI,
Eve of St. Barnabas, 1843.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

At last Thou art come, little Saviour!
And Thine angels fill midnight with song;
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator!
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.
All hail, Eternal Child!
Dear Mary's little Flower,
God hardly born an hour,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Hail Mary's Little One,
Hail God's Eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

Thou art come to Thy beautiful Mother;
She hath looked on Thy marvellous face;
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary!
And she was Thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls overflow with delight;
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus!
With the joy of this wonderful night.

We have waited so long for Thee, Saviour!
Art Thou come to us, dearest! at last?
Oh bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy Mother!
This is worth all the wearisome past!

Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary!
Yet we hardly believe Thou art come; —
It seems such a wonder to have Thee,
New Brother! with us in our home.

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker!
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore:
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother!
On Eternity's jubilant shore.
All hail, Eternal Child!
Dear Mary's little Flower,
God hardly born an hour,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Hail Mary's Little One,
Hail God's Eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

THE INFANT JESUS.

Dear Little One! how sweet Thou art,
Thine eyes how bright they shine,
So bright they almost seem to speak
When Mary's look meets Thine!

How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep
Of sorrow and of love.

When Mary bids Thee sleep Thou sleep'st,
 Thou wakest when she calls;
Thou art content upon her lap,
 Or in the rugged stalls.

Simplest of Babes! with what a grace
 Thou dost Thy Mother's will!
Thine infant fashions well betray
 The Godhead's hidden skill.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,
 And smooths Thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
 So helpless and so meek.

Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,
 A thing of smiles and tears;
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and earth
 Adore Thee with their fears.

Yes! dearest Babe! those tiny hands,
 That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty world
 This very moment bear.

While Thou art clasping Mary's neck
 In timid tight embrace,
The boldest Seraphs veil themselves
 Before Thine infant Face.

When Mary hath appeased Thy thirst,
And hushed Thy feeble cry,
The hearts of men lie open still
Before Thy slumbering eye.

Art Thou, weak Babe! my very God?
Oh I must love Thee then,
Love Thee, and yearn to spread Thy love
Among forgetful men.

O sweet, O wakeful-hearted Child!
Sleep on, dear Jesus! sleep;
For Thou must one day wake for me
To suffer and to weep.

A Scourge, a Cross, a cruel Crown
Have I in store for Thee;
Yet why? one little tear, O Lord!
Ransom enough would be.

But no! death is Thine own sweet will,
The price decreed above;
Thou wilt do more than save our souls,
For Thou wilt die for love.



THE THREE KINGS.

WHO are these that ride so fast o'er the desert's sandy road,
That have tracked the Red Sea shore, and have swum the torrents broad;
Whose camels' bells are tinkling through the long and starry night —
For they ride like men pursued, like the vanquished of a fight?

Who are these that ride so fast? They are eastern monarchs three,
Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced their high degree;
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize, the well-known voices kind,
Their people's tents, their native plains, they've left them all behind.

The very least of faith's dim rays beamed on them
from afar,
And that same hour they rose from off their thrones
to track the Star;
They cared not for the cruel scorn of those who called
them mad;
Messias' Star was shining, and their royal hearts were
glad.

But a speck was in the midnight sky, uncertain, dim,
and far,
And their hearts were pure, and heard a voice pro-
claim Messias' Star:
And in its golden twinkling they saw more than
common light,
The Mother and the Child they saw in Bethlehem by
night!

And what were crowns, and what were thrones, to
such a sight as that?
So straight away they left their tents, and bade not
grace to wait;
They hardly stop to slake their thirst at the desert's
limpid springs,
Nor note how fair the landscape is, how sweet the
skylark sings!

Whole cities have turned out to meet their royal
cavalcade,
Wise colleges and doctors all their wisdom have
displayed;

And when the Star was dim, they knocked at Herod's
palace gate,
And troubled with the news of faith his politic estate.

And they have knelt in Bethlehem! The Everlasting
Child
They saw upon His mother's lap, earth's monarch
meek and mild;
His little feet, with Mary's leave, they pressed with
loving kiss, —
Oh what were thrones, oh what were crowns, to such
a joy as this?

One little sight of Jesus was enough for many years,
One look at Him their stay and staff in the dismal
vale of tears:
Their people for that sight of Him they gallantly
withstood,
They taught His faith, they preached His Word, and
for Him shed their blood.

Ah me! what broad daylight of faith our thankless
souls receive,
How much we know of Jesus, and how easy to
believe:
'T is the noonday of His sunshine, of His sun that
setteth never:
Faith gives us crowns, and makes us kings, and our
kingdom is for ever!

Oh glory be to God on high for these Arabian kings,
These miracles of royal faith, with eastern offerings:
For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthazzar, who
from far
Found Mary out and Jesus by the shining of a Star!

THE PURIFICATION.

Joy! Joy! the Mother comes,
And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world,
The Christ, the King of Kings;
And in her heart the while
All silently she sings.

Saint Joseph follows near,
In rapture lost and love,
While angels round about
In glowing circles move,
And o'er the Mother broods
The Everlasting Dove!

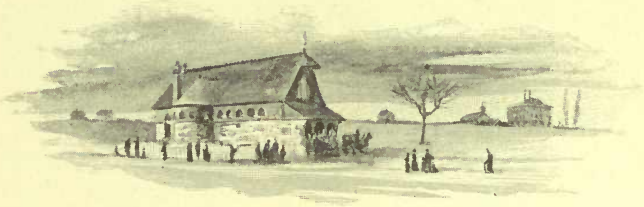
There in the temple court
Old Simeon's heart beats high,
And Anna feeds her soul
With food of prophecy;
But, see! the shadows pass,
The world's true Light draws nigh.

O Infant God! O Christ!
O Light most beautiful!
Thou comest, Joy of Joys!
All darkness to annul;
And brightest lights of earth
Beside Thy Light are dull.

O Mary! bear him quick
Into His temple gate,
For poor impatient souls
His healing sunrise wait;
And pay His price that He
May be emancipate.

Yes! thou wilt set Him free;
He will be wholly ours,
To lighten every soul
In earth's benighted bowers,
Undoing Adam's curse,
And turning thorns to flowers.

Ah! with what thrills of awe
The Mother's heart is teeming,
To think the newborn light
That o'er the world is streaming,
At His own Mother's hands
Should stoop to need redeeming.



LENT.

Now are the days of humblest prayer,
When consciences to God lie bare,
And mercy most delights to spare.
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

Now is the season, wisely long,
Of sadder thought and graver song,
When ailing souls grow well and strong.
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

The feast of penance! Oh so bright,
With true conversion's heavenly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night!
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

Oh happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chast'ning fears,
Undoing all our evil years.
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

We, who have loved the world, must learn,
Upon that world our backs to turn,
And with the love of God to burn.
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

Vile creatures of such little worth! —
Than we, there can be none on earth
More fallen from their Christian birth.
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

Full long in sin's dark ways we went,
Yet now our steps are heavenward bent,
And grace is plentiful in Lent.
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

All glory to redeeming grace,
Disdaining not our evil case,
But showing us our Saviour's face!
Oh hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

THE AGONY.

O SOUL of Jesus, sick to death!
Thy Blood and prayer together plead;
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

Midnight — and still the oppressive load
Upon Thy tortured heart doth lie;
Still the abhorred procession winds
Before Thy spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord!
All darkly on Thy human soul;
And clouds of supernatural gloom
Around Thee are allowed to roll.

The weight of the eternal wrath
Drives over Thee with pressure dread;
And, forced upon the olive roots,
In deathlike sadness droops Thy Head.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE OAKLAND, CAL.

Thy spirit weighs the sins of men;
Thy science fathoms all their guilt;
Thou sickenest heavily at Thy Heart,
And the pores open, — Blood is spilt.

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord!
Even to the limit of Thy strength,
While hours, whose minutes were as years,
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

And Thou hast shuddered at each act,
And shrunk with an astonished fear,
As if Thou couldst not bear to see
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

Sin and the Father's anger! they
Have made Thy lower nature faint;
All save the love within Thy Heart,
Seemed for the moment to be spent.

My God! My God! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts,
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

I sin, — and heaven and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if God's Blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air;
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of Thee?

Oh by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear;
And give me of Thy Bloody Sweat
To wash my guilty conscience clear!

Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear!

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Oh come and mourn with me awhile!
See, Mary calls us to her side;
Oh come and let us mourn with her;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed;
His blessed Tongue with thirst is tied;
His failing Eyes are blind with blood;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

His Mother cannot reach His Face;
She stands in helplessness beside;
Her heart is martyred with her Son's;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Found guilty of excess of love,
It was Thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed.
His falling eyes he strove to guide
With mindful love to Mary's face;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that Side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart, Love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

O Love of God! O Sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with Love;
For He, our Love, is crucified!

FROM PAIN TO PAIN.

FROM pain to pain, from woe to woe,
With loving hearts and footsteps slow,
To Calvary with Christ we go.
See how His Precious Blood
At every Station pours!
Was ever grief like His?
Was ever sin like ours?

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

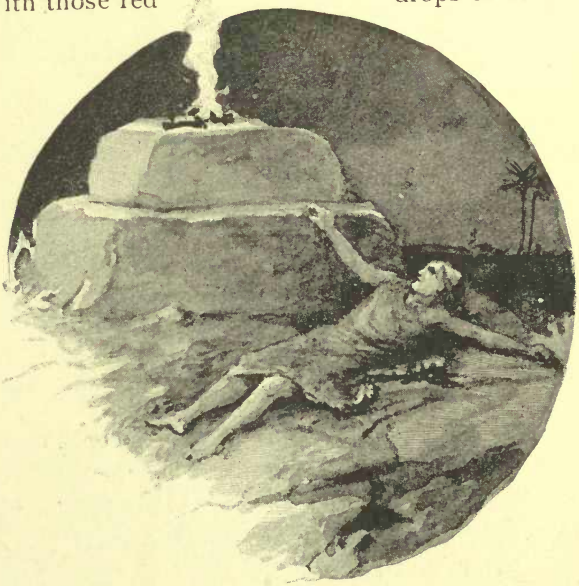
[*From the Italian.*]

HAIL, Jesus! Hail! who for my sake
Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst take,
And shed it all for me;
Oh blessed be my Saviour's Blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
To all eternity.

To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.

Oh, sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
The heaven which sin had lost:
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.

Oh to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels
Earth's best and highest bliss:
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His!



Ah! there is joy amid the saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise:
Oh louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise!

BLOOD IS THE PRICE OF HEAVEN.

Blood is the price of Heaven;
All sin that price exceeds;
Oh come to be forgiven, —
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads,
The Blood drops from His brows,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

While the fierce scourges fall,
The Precious Blood still pleads:
In front of Pilate's hall
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

Beneath the thorny crown
The crimson fountain speeds;
See how it trickles down, —
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

Bearing the fatal wood
His band of saints He leads,
Marking the way with Blood;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

On Calvary His shame
With Blood still intercedes;
His open Wounds proclaim —
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

He hangs upon the tree,
Hangs there for my misdeeds;
He sheds His Blood for me;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

Ah me! His Soul is fled;
Yet still for my great needs
He bleeds when He is dead;

He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

His Blood is flowing still;
My thirsty soul it feeds;
He lets me drink my fill;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

O sweet! O Precious Blood!
What love, what love it breeds!
Ransom, Reward, and Food, —
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

WE COME TO THEE, SWEET SAVIOUR.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
Just because we need Thee so;
None need Thee more than we do;
Nor are half so vile or low.
O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
None will have us, Lord! but Thee;
And we want none but Jesus,
And His grace that makes us free.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
For our sins are worse than ever;
Dear Shepherd of the outcast!
But Thy patience wearies never.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
With our broken faith again:
We know Thou wilt forgive us,
Nor upbraid us, nor complain.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
It is love that makes us come:
We are certain of our welcome,
Of our Father's welcome home.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
Fear brings us in our need;
For Thy hand never breaketh,
Not the frailest bruised reed.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
For to whom, Lord! can we go?
The words of life eternal
From Thy lips for ever flow.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
 We have tried Thee, oft before;
But now we come more wholly,
 With the heart to love Thee more.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
 'T is in answer to Thy call,
Dear Hope of the unworthy!
 Dearest Merit of us all!

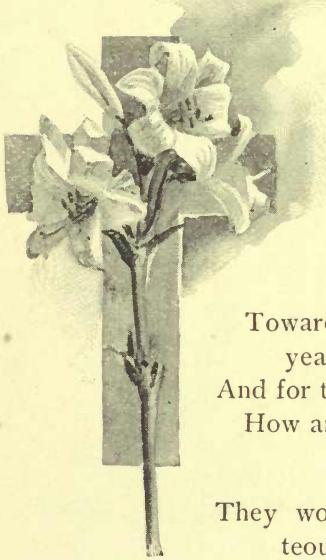
We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
 And Thou wilt not ask us why:
We cannot live without Thee,
 And still less without Thee die.

JESUS RISEN.

All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!
 Oh what a victory is Thine!
How beautiful Thy strength appears,
 Thy crimson Wounds, how bright they shine!

Thou camest at the dawn of day;
 Armies of souls around Thee were,
Blest spirits, thronging to adore
 Thy Flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

The everlasting Godhead lay
Shrouded within those Limbs Divine,
Nor left untenanted one hour
That sacred Human Heart of Thine.



They worshipped Thee, those ransomed souls,
With the fresh strength of love set free;
They worshipped joyously, and thought
Of Mary while they looked on Thee.

And Thou, too, Soul of Jesus! Thou
Towards that sacred Flesh didst yearn,
And for the beatings of that Heart
How ardently Thy love did burn.

They worshipped, while the beauteous Soul
Paused by the Body's wounded Side: —
Bright flashed the cave, — before them stood
The Living Jesus Glorified.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
And worship Him with joyous dread!
O Sin! thou art outdone by Love!
O Death! thou art discomfited!

Ye Heavens, how sang they in your courts,
How sang the angelic choirs that day,
When from His tomb the imprisoned God,
Like the strong sunrise, broke away?

Oh I am burning so with love,
I fear lest I should make too free;
Let me be silent and adore
Thy glorified Humanity.

Ah! now Thou sendest me sweet tears;
Fluttered with love, my spirits fail, —
What shall I say? Thou know'st my heart;
All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!

THE SACRED HEART.

UNCHANGING and Unchangeable, before angelic eyes,
The Vision of the Godhead in its tranquil beauty lies;
And, like a city lighted up all gloriously within,
Its countless lustres glance and gleam, and sweetest worship win.

On the Unbegotten Father, awful well-spring of the Three,
On the Sole Begotten Son's coequal Majesty,
On Him eternally breathed forth from Father and from Son,
The spirits gaze with fixed amaze, and unreckoned ages run.

Myriad, myriad angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three!



Still the Fountain of the Godhead giveth forth eternal being:
Still begetting, unbegotten, still His own perfection seeing,

Still limiting His own loved Self with His dear coequal Spirit,
No change comes o'er that blissful Life, no shadow passeth near it.
And beautiful dread Attributes, all manifold and bright,
Now thousands seem, now lose themselves in one self-living light;
And far in that deep Life of God, in harmony complete,
Like crownèd kings, all opposite perfections take their seat.

And in that ungrowing vision nothing deepens, nothing brightens,
But the living Life of God perpetually lightens;
And created life is nothing but a radiant shadow fleeing
From the unapproachèd lustres of that Unbeginning Being;
Spirits wise and deep have watched that everlasting Ocean,
And never o'er its lucid field hath rippled faintest motion;
In glory undistinguished never have the Three seemed One,
Nor ever in divided streams the Single Essence run.

There reigns the Eternal Father, in His lone prerogatives,
And, in the Father's Mind, the Son, all self-existing, lives,

With Him, their mutual Jubilee, that deepest depth of love,
Life-giving Life of two-fold source, the many-gifted Dove!
O Bountiful! O Beautiful! can Power or Wisdom add
Fresh features to a life, so munificent and glad?
Can even uncreated Love, ye angels! give a hue
Which can ever make the Unchanging and Unchangeable look new?

The Mercy of the Merciful is equal to Their Might,
As wondrous as Their love, and as Their Wisdom bright!
As They, who out of nothing called creation at the first,
In everlasting purposes Their own design had nursed,—
As They, who in Their solitude, Three Persons, once abode,
Vouchsafed of Their abundance to become creation's God, —
What They owed not to Themselves They stooped to owe to man,
And pledged Their glory to him, in an unimaginable plan.

See! deep within the glowing depth of that Eternal Light,
What change hath come, what vision new transports angelic sight?

A creature can it be, in uncreated bliss?
A novelty in God? Oh what nameless thing is this?
The beauty of the Father's Power is o'er it brightly shed,
The sweetness of the Spirit's Love is unction on its head;
In the wisdom of the Son it plays its wondrous part,
While it lives the loving life of a real Human Heart!

A Heart that hath a Mother, and a treasure of red blood,
A Heart that man can pray to, and feed upon for food!
In the brightness of the Godhead is its marvellous abode,
A change in the Unchanging, creation touching God!
Ye spirits blest, in endless rest, who on that Vision gaze,
Salute the Sacred Heart with all your worshipful amaze,
And adore, while with ecstatic skill the Three in One ye scan,
The Mercy that hath planted there that blessed Heart of Man!

All tranquilly, all tranquilly, doth that Blissful Vision last,
And Its brightness o'er immortalized creation will It cast;

Ungrowing and unfading, Its pure Essence doth It keep,
In the deepest of those depths where all are infinitely deep;
Unchanging and unchangeable as It hath ever been,
As It was before that Human Heart was there by angels seen,
So is It at this very hour, so will It ever be,
With that Human Heart within It, beating hot with love of me!
Myriad, myriad angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three!

THE CREATION OF THE ANGELS.

In pulses deep of threefold Love,
Self-hushed and self-possessed,
The mighty, unbeginning God
Had lived in silent rest.

With His own greatness all alone
The sight of Self had been
Beauty of beauties, joy of joys,
Before His eye serene.

He lay before Himself, and gazed
As ravished with the sight,
Brooding on His own attributes
With dread untold delight.

No ties were on His bliss, for He
Had neither end nor cause;
For His own glory 't was enough
That He was what He was.

His glory was full grown; His light
Had owned no dawning dim;
His love did not outgrow Himself,
For naught could grow in Him.

He stirred — and yet we know not how
Nor wherefore He should move;
In our poor human words, it was
An overflow of love.

It was the first outspoken word
That broke that peace sublime,
An outflow of eternal love
Into the lap of time.

He stirred; and beauty all at once
Forth from His Being broke;
Spirit and strength, and living life,
Created things awoke.

Order and multitude and light
In beauteous showers outstreamed;
And realms of newly-fashioned space
With radiant angels beamed.

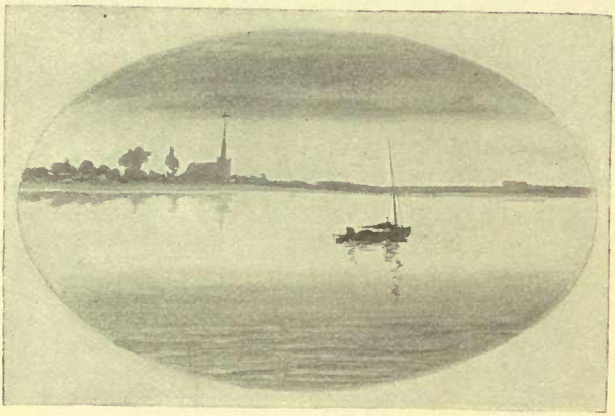
How wonderful is life in Heaven
Amid the angelic choirs,
Where uncreated Love has crowned
His first created fires!

But, see! new marvels gather there!
The wisdom of the Son
With Heaven's completest wonder ends
The work so well begun.

EVENING HYMN.

SWEET Saviour! bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

The day is done; its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.



Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways
 True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
 With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
 Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
 Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, — unto Thee we call;
Oh let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

Sweet Saviour! bless us; night is come;
Mary and Philip near us be!
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

THANKSGIVING AFTER COMMUNION.

JESUS, gentlest Saviour!
God of might and power!
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

As men to their gardens
Go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts dear Jesus
Seeks them at all hours.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.

Pray the prayer within us
That to Heaven shall rise;
Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.

Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord! the chiefest —
Grace to persevere.

Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this, —
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss?

Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for Heaven, —
Then the day will come.

Now, at least, we 'll keep Thee
All the time we may;
But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep alway.

THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

THE thought of God, the thought of Thee,
Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
Outstretched and present art, —

The thought of Thee, above, below,
Around me and within,
Is more to me than health and wealth,
Or love of kith and kin.

The thought of God is like the tree
 Beneath whose shade I lie,
And watch the fleets of snowy clouds
 Sail o'er the silent sky.

'T is like that soft, invading light,
 Which in all darkness shines,
The thread that through life's sombre web
 In golden pattern twines.

It is a thought which ever makes
 Life's sweetest smiles from tears,
And is a daybreak to our hopes,
 A sunset to our fears.

One while it bids the tears to flow,
 Then wipes them from the eyes,
Most often fills our souls with joy,
 And always sanctifies.

Within a thought so great, our souls
 Little and modest grow,
And, by its vastness awed, we learn
 The art of walking slow.

The wild flower on the mossy ground
 Scarce bends its pliant form,
When overhead the autumnal wood
 Is thundering like a storm.

So is it with our humbled souls
Down in the thought of God,
Scarce conscious in their sober peace
Of the wild storms abroad.

To think of Thee is almost prayer,
And is outspoken praise;
And pain can even passive thoughts
To actual worship raise.

O Lord! I live always in pain,
My life's sad undersong,—
Pain in itself not hard to bear,
But hard to bear so long.

Little sometimes weighs more than much,
When it has no relief;
A joyless life is worse to bear
Than one of active grief.

And yet, O Lord! a suffering life
One grand ascent may dare;
Penance, not self-imposed, can make
The whole of life a prayer.

All murmurs lie inside Thy Will
Which are to Thee addressed;
To suffer for Thee is our work,
To think of Thee our rest.

THE FEAR OF GOD.

My fear of Thee, O Lord! exults
 Like life within my veins, —
A fear which rightly claims to be
 One of love's sacred pains.

Thy goodness to Thy saints of old
 An awful thing appeared;
For were Thy majesty less good
 Much less would it be feared.

There is no joy the soul can meet
 Upon life's various road
Like the sweet fear that sits and shrinks
 Under the eye of God.

A special joy is in all love
 For objects we revere;
Thus joy in God will always be
 Proportioned to our fear.

Oh Thou art greatly to be feared,
 Thou art so prompt to bless!
The dread to miss such love as Thine
 Makes fear but love's excess.

The fulness of Thy mercy seems
 To fill both land and sea;
If we can break through bounds so vast,
 How exiled shall we be!

For grace is fearful, which each hour
Our path in life has crossed;
If it were rarer, it might be
Less easy to be lost.

But fear is love, and love is fear,
And in and out they move;
But fear is an intenser joy
Than mere unfrightened love.

When most I fear Thee, Lord! then most
Familiar I appear;
And I am in my soul most free,
When I am most in fear.

I should not love Thee as I do,
If love might make more free;
Its very sweetness would be lost
In greater liberty.

I feel Thee most a Father when
I fancy Thee most near;
And Thou comest not so nigh in love
As Thou comest, Lord! in fear.

They love Thee little, if at all,
Who do not fear Thee much;
If love is Thine attraction, Lord!
Fear is Thy very touch.

Love could not love Thee half so much
If it found Thee not so near;
It is Thy nearness which makes love
The perfectness of fear.

We fear because Thou art so good,
And because we can sin;
And when we make most show of love,
We are trembling most within.

And, Father! when to us in heaven
Thou shalt Thy Face unveil,
Then more than ever will our souls
Before Thy goodness quail.

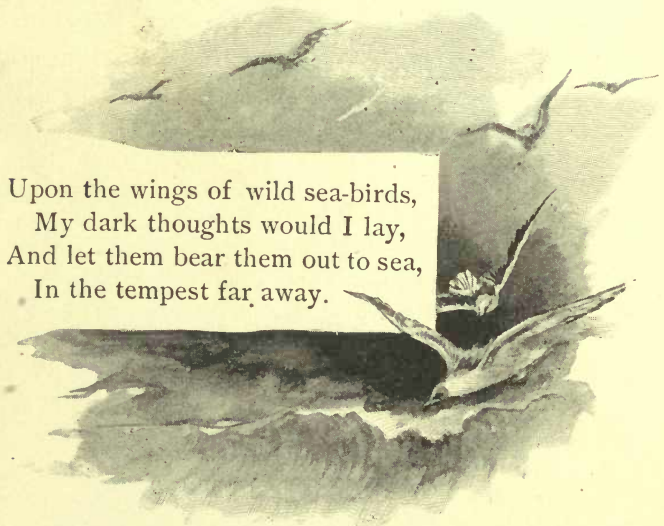
Our blessedness will be to bear
The sight of Thee so near;
And thus eternal love will be
But the ecstasy of fear.

PEEVISHNESS.

O GOD! that I could be with Thee,
Alone by some sea shore,
And hear Thy soundless voice within,
And the outward waters roar.

The cold wet wind would seem to wash
The world from off my brow:
And I should feel amidst the storm
That none were near but Thou.

Each wave that broke upon the rocks
Would seem to break on me:
And he who stands an outward shock
Gains inward liberty.



Upon the wings of wild sea-birds,
My dark thoughts would I lay,
And let them bear them out to sea,
In the tempest far away.

For life has grown a simple weight;
Each effort seems a fall;
And all things weary me on earth,
But good things most of all.

And I am deadly sick of men,
From shame and not from pride;
My love of souls, my joy in saints,
Are blossoms that have died.

It seems as if I loathed the earth,
And yet craved not for Heaven,
But for another nature longed,
Not that which Thou hast given.

For goodness all ignoble seems,
Ungenerous and small,
And the holy are so wearisome,
Their very virtues pall.

Alas! this peevishness with good
Is want of love of God;
Unloving thoughts within distort
The look of things abroad.

The discord is within, which jars
So sadly in life's song:
'T is we, not they, who are in fault,
When others seem so wrong.

'T is we who weigh upon ourselves;
Self is the irksome weight:
To those who can see straight themselves,
All things look always straight.

My God! with what surpassing love
Thou lovest all on earth,
How good the least good is to Thee,
How much each soul is worth!

I seem to think if I could spend
One hour alone with Thee,
My human heart would come again
From Thy Divinity.

And yet I cannot build a cell
For Thee within my heart,
And meet Thee, as Thy chosen do,
Where Thou most truly art.

The bright examples round me seem
My dazzled eyes to hurt;
Thy beauty, which they should reflect,
They dwindle and invert.

Therefore I crave for scenes which might
My fettered thoughts unbind,
And where the elements might be
Like scapegoats to my mind,

Where all things round should loudly tell,
Storm, rocks, sea-birds, and sea,
Not of Thy worship, but much more,
And only, Lord! of Thee.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE OAKLAND, - CAL.

PREDESTINATION.

FATHER and God! my endless doom
 Is hidden in Thy Hand,
And I shall know not what it is
 Till at Thy bar I stand.

Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed
 For me in Thy dread Will;
I in my helpless ignorance
 Must tremble and lie still.

All light is darkness, when I think
 Of what may be my fate;
Yet hearts will trust, and hope can teach
 Both faith and love to wait.

A little strife of flesh and soul,
 A single word from Thee,
And in a moment I possess
 A fixed eternity: —

Fixed, fixed, irrevocably fixed!
 Oh at this silent hour
The thought of what is possible
 Comes with terrific power:

As though into some awful depth
 Rash hands had flung a stone,
And still the frightening echoes grow
 As it goes sounding on.

My fears adore Thee, O my God!
My heart is chilled with awe;
Yet love from out that very chill
Fresh life and heat can draw.

Thou owest me no duties, Lord!
Thy Being hath no ties;
The world lies open to Thy Will,
Its victim and its prize.

Father! Thy power is merciful
To us poor worms below,
Not bound by justice, but because
Thyself hath willed it so.

The fallen creature hath no rights,
No voice in Thy decrees;
Yet while Thy glory owns no claims,
Thy love makes promises.

Thou may'st have willed that I should die
In friendship, Lord! with Thee,
Or I may in the act of sin
Touch on eternity.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord!
For Thou art God alone?
My soul is safer in Thy hands,
Father! than in my own.

I worship Thee with breathless fears;
Thou wilt do what Thou wilt;
The worst Thine anger hath in store
Is far below my guilt.

Oh fearful thought! one act of sin
Within itself contains
The power of endless hate of God,
And everlasting pains.

For me to do such act I know
How slight a change I need,
Yet know not if restraining grace
For me hath been decreed.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord?
That trust my heart will cheer;
And love must learn to live abashed
Beneath continual fear.

That Thou art God is my one joy;
Whate'er Thy Will may be,
Thy glory will be magnified
In Thy last doom of me.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

Oh it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!



He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most

Yes, there is less to try our faith
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth,
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
Their uphill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's lifelong study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
 Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science too
 In her simplicity.

Workmen of God! oh lose not heart,
 But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
 Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
 The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
 Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine
 Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
 Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
 And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
 And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
 Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
 What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory
weave
From what men reck
on shame,
In His own world He is
content
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice,
downcast soul!
Muse and take better
heart;
Back with thine angel to
the field,
And bravely do thy
part.

God's justice is a bed,
where we
Our anxious hearts
may lay,
And, weary with our-
selves, may sleep
Our discontent away.



For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

DESIRE OF GOD.

Oh for freedom, for freedom in worshipping God,
For the mountain-top feeling of generous souls,
For the health, for the air, of the hearts deep and broad,
Where grace not in rills but in cataracts rolls!

Most good is the brisk wholesome service of fear,
And the calm wise obedience of conscience is sweet;
And good are all worships, all loyalties dear,
All promptitudes fitting, all services meet.

But none honors God like the thirst of desire,
Nor possesses the heart so completely with Him;
For it burns the world out with the swift ease of fire,
And fills life with good works till it runs o'er the brim.

Then pray for desire, for love's wistfullest yearning,
For the beautiful pining of holy desire;
Yes, pray for a soul that is ceaselessly burning
With the soft fragrant flames of this thrice happy fire.

For the heart only dwells, truly dwells with its treasure,
And the languor of love captive hearts can unfetter;
And they who love God cannot love Him by measure,
For their love is but hunger to love Him still better.

Who can understand Jesus except by desire?
Who that pines not with love knows what Mary loves best?
Who can come near to God with a heart not on fire?
Souls must tire upon earth who in Heaven would rest.

Is it hard to serve God, timid soul? Hast thou found
Gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain-tops on thy way?
All the hard would be easy, all the tangles unwound,
Wouldst thou only desire, as well as obey.

For the lack of desire is the ill of all ills;
Many thousands through it the dark pathway have trod;
The balsam, the wine of predestinate wills,
Is a jubilant pining and longing for God.

'T is a fire that will burn what thou canst not pass over;
'T is a lightning that breaks away all bars to love;
'T is a sunbeam the secrets of God to discover;
'T is the wing David prayed for, the wing of the Dove.

I have seen living men — and their good angels know
How they failed and fell short through the want of desire;
Souls once almost saints have descended so low,
'T will be much if their wings bear them over the fire.

I have seen dying men not so grand in their dying
As our love would have wished, — and through lack of desire :
Oh that we may die languishing, burning, and sighing :
For God's last grace and best is to die all on fire.

'T is a great gift of God to live after our Lord ;
Yet the old Hebrew times they were ages of fire,
When fainting souls fed on each dim figured word,
And God called men He loved most — the Men of Desire.

Oh then wish more for God, burn more with desire,
Covet more the dear sight of His Marvellous Face ;
Pray louder, pray longer, for the sweet gift of fire
To come down on thy heart with its whirlwinds of grace.

Yes, pine for thy God, fainting soul ! ever pine ;
Oh languish mid all that life brings thee of mirth ;
Famished, thirsty, and restless, — let such life be thine, —
For what sight is to Heaven, desire is to earth.

God loves to be longed for, He longs to be sought,
For He sought us Himself with such longing and love :
He died for desire of us, marvellous thought !
And He yearns for us now to be with Him above.

THE TRUE SHEPHERD.

I WAS wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto Me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me;
And I 'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.



Strange gladness seemed to move Him,
Whenever I did better;
And He coaxed me so to love Him,
As if He was my debtor;
And I always heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

Let us do then, dearest brothers!
What will best and longest please us,
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus;
We shall ever hear Him say,
As he goes along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me:
I am the Shepherd true.

COME TO JESUS.

SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His Feet?

It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems:
'T is our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There 's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There 's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His Blood.

There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
 Than the measures of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow
 By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
 With a zeal He will not own.

There is plentiful redemption
 In the Blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
 In the sorrows of the Head.

'T is not all we owe to Jesus;
 It is something more than all;
Greater good because of evil,
 Larger mercy through the fall.

Pining Souls! come nearer Jesus,
 And oh come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
 His huge tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

INVITATION TO THE MISSION.

Oh come to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
Oh come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There 's a bright home above where the sun never sets.

Oh come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
Oh come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful Face.

Ye sons of dear England, your Saviour is calling
You back to His Fold and your forefathers' faith;
Ah love Him, then, love Him; for the dark night is falling,
And the light of His love shall be with you in death.

Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;
And fear not! 't is Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter,
As you think of the home and the glory above.

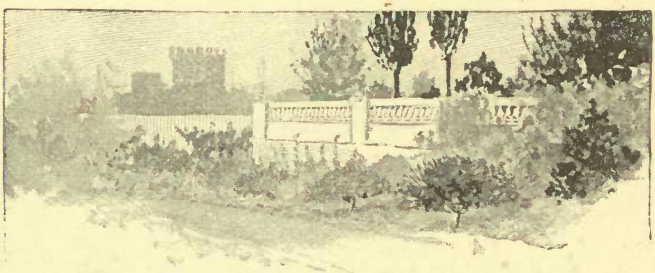
Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
Oh fear not, and doubt not! the mother who bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose Blood you have spilt.

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Oh come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
And vow at His feet you will keep in His grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

Come, come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name.

Come quickly to Jesus for graces and pardons,
Come now, for who needs not His mercy and love?
Believe me, dear children, that England's fair gardens
Are dull to the bright land that waits you above.



THE WAGES OF SIN.

Oh what are the wages of sin,
The end of the race we have run?
We have slaved for the master we chose,
And what is the prize we have won?

We gave away all things for him,
And in truth it was much that was given, —
The love of the angels and saints,
And the chance of our getting to Heaven.

We are worn out and weary with sin;
Its pleasures are poor at the best;
For what we remember, not worth
Half an hour of a conscience at rest.

For sin in the hand is not like
The bright thing it looked to the eye;
Its taste is still worse than its touch;
Yet we swallow the poison and die.

Oh fools that we were! can we now
Break off the bad bargain we made?
And is there a way to get back
The rash price we already have paid?

Oh yes! we have got but to send
One word or one sigh up to Heaven?
The mischief will all be undone,
And the past be completely forgiven.

Jesus is just what He was,
On the Cross, as we left Him before,
All gentleness, mercy, and love,
Nay, His love and His mercy look more.

We will back with our hearts in our hands,
For the heart is His one only fee:
Forgive us, dear Jesus, forgive,
All we want is forgiveness from Thee.

A GOOD CONFESSION.

THE chains that have bound me are flung to the wind,
By the mercy of God the poor slave is set free;
And the strong grace of Heaven breathes fresh o'er the mind,
Like the bright winds of summer that gladden the sea.

There was naught in God's world half so dark or so vile
As the sin and the bondage that fettered my soul;
There was naught half so base as the malice and guile
Of my own sordid passions, or Satan's control.

For years I have borne about hell in my breast;
When I thought of my God it was nothing but gloom;
Day brought me no pleasure, night gave me no rest,
There was still the grim shadow of horrible doom.

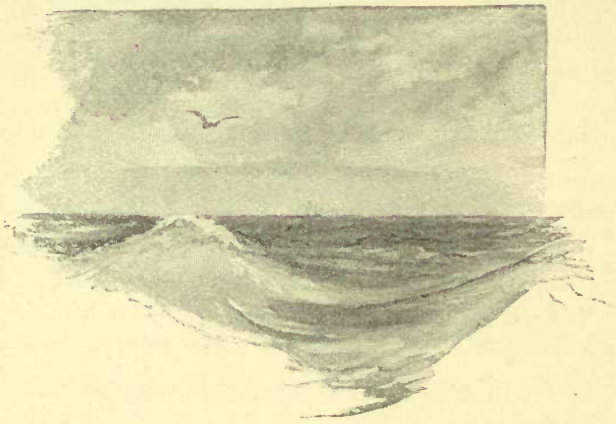
It seemed as if nothing less likely could be
Than that light should break in on a dungeon so deep;
To create a new world were less hard than to free
The slave from his bondage, the soul from its sleep.

But the word had gone forth, and said, Let there be light,
And it flashed through my soul like a sharp passing smart;
One look to my Saviour, and all the dark night,
Like a dream scarce remembered, was gone from my heart.

I cried out for mercy, and fell on my knees,
And confessed, while my heart with keen sorrow was wrung;
'T was the labor of minutes, and years of disease
Fell as fast from my soul as the words from my tongue.

And now, blest be God and the sweet Lord who died!
No deer on the mountain, no bird in the sky,
No bright wave that leaps on the dark bounding tide,
Is a creature so free or so happy as I.

All hail, then, all hail, to the dear Precious Blood,
That hath worked these sweet wonders of mercy in me;
May each day countless numbers throng down to its flood,
And God have His glory, and sinners go free.



THE ACT OF CONTRITION.

My God! who art nothing but mercy and kindness,
Ah shut not Thine ear to the penitent's prayer;
'T is Thy grace that hath cured me, dear Lord, of my blindness,
Thy love that hath lifted me up from despair.

Oh cruel, most cruel! the bondage of evil
That hath kept me so fast, and hath held me so low;
And fearful the hold, the strong hold of the devil,
And the keen bitter fires of the long hopeless woe.

But, O God! by Thy mercy my mind is enlightened;
I feel a new purpose burn strong in my heart;
I come to Thee now like a child scared and frightened,
And I cling to Thy love, and will never depart.

There is not one evil that sin hath not brought me,
 There is not one good that hath come in its train;
It hath cursed me through life, and its sorrows have sought me,
 Each day that went by, in want, sickness, or pain.

And then, when this life of affliction is ended,
 What a home for my weary heart did it prepare?
The anger of Him whom my sins had offended,
 And the night, the sick night of eternal despair.

Yes! death would have come, and its angel have torn me
 By force to the judgment where hope could not be;
And the spirit of darkness from thence would have borne me
 To unspeakable woes in his wide burning sea.

Where the worms and the wails and the lashes cease never,
 My poor ruined soul would have sickened of fire,
And I should be tortured for ever and ever,
 But the pains of eternity never would tire.

The corn field all trampled to mud by the cattle,
 The house whose scorched walls have been blackened by fire, —
Ah! such was my soul when the desolate battle
 Of sin raged within it, and sinful desire.

But away, mortal sin! by the help of my God,
From thy false poisoned fruits I will firmly refrain;
I have vowed, mortal sin! I have manfully vowed,
I will touch thee not, taste thee not ever again.

I abjure the dark spirit who fondles yet hates me,
I abjure mortal sin, the black gift he hath given;
I hate it for fear of the fire that awaits me,
I hate it for hope of God's beautiful Heaven.

I hate it because the dear Lord that would ease us
Sweated blood when He thought of the horror of sin;
I hate it because it hath crucified Jesus,
Who hath done all He can the worst sinners to win.

And I swear to Thee — yes, dearest Jesus! Oh let me,
In the strength of Thy grace, swear an oath unto Thee,
No sin! never more! if Thou wilt not forget me,
But in Thy sweet mercy have mercy on me.

CONVERSION.

O FAITH! thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
We know not how nor when.

To one thy grave unearthly truths
A heavenly vision seem;
While to another's eye they are
A superstitious dream.

To one the deepest doctrines look
So naturally true,
That when he learns the lesson first,
He hardly thinks it new.

To other hearts the selfsame truths
No light or heat can bring;
They are but puzzling phrases strung
Like beads upon a string.

O gift of gifts! O grace of Faith!
My God! how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon His way.

How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!

Ah grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

How can they live, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

Oh happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

Thy choice, O God of goodness! then
I lovingly adore;
Oh give me grace to keep Thy grace,
And grace to merit more.

THE WORK OF GRACE.

How the light of Heaven is stealing,
Gently o'er the trembling soul;
And the shades of bitter feeling
From the lightened spirit roll.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!



Fairer than the pearly morning
Comes the softly struggling ray:
Ah, it is the very dawning
That precedes eternal day.

Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling.

See the tears, the blessed trouble,
Doubts and fears, and hopes and smiles!
How the guilt of sin seems double,
And how plain are Satan's wiles!
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

Now the light is growing brighter,
Fear of hell, and hate of sin;
Another flash! the heart is lighter;
Love of God hath entered in.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling.

Now upon the favorite passion
Falls a steady ray of grace;
And the lights of world and fashion
In the new light fade apace.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling.

What was sweet hath now grown bitter,
What was bitter passing sweet;
Even penance now seems fitter
Than the poor world's idle treat.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

See! more light! the spirit tingles
With contrition's piercing dart; —
More, — and love divinely mingles
Ease and gladness with the smart.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

Free! free! the joyous light of Heaven
Comes with full and fair release; —
O God, what light! all sin forgiven,
Jesus, Mary, love, and peace.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

Oh do you hear that voice from Heaven, —
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven?
Softly on every wind that blows
Through the wide earth the promise goes,
Absolving sin and opening Heaven,
For we forgive and are forgiven.

Yes, we, dear Lord! Thy voice can tell;
That gentle voice, we know it well;
Yet never was it sweet and clear
As now when we this promise hear, —
Poor souls! who sadly doubt of Heaven,
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.

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Sweet Faith! and can this pledge be true?
And is the duty hard to do?
No one, dear Lord! hath done to me
Such wrong as I have done to Thee.
Why should not all men go to Heaven?
They who forgive will be forgiven.

Thine offers, earth! to this are dull,
Full mercy to the merciful: —
Oh joy to every soul that lives!
Such beautiful bright words He gives,
Whose royal promise cheapens Heaven, —
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.

Then listen to us, Jesus, Lord!
See how we take Thee at Thy word:
Oh as we hope with Thee to live,
So from our hearts do we forgive;
And from this hour we do not know
The thought, the thing men mean by foe.

Yes! saved and saints we all will be;
All of us, Lord! will come to Thee;
Dear Heaven! the work for thee is done, —
How easily, how sweetly won!
Yes! thou art ours, eternal Heaven!
For we forgave, and are forgiven.

THE WORLD.

O JESUS! if in days gone by
My heart hath loved the world too well,
It needs more love for love of Thee
To bid this cherished world farewell.

And yet I can rejoice there are
So many things on earth to love,
So many idols for the fire,
My love and loyal change to prove.

He that loves most hath most to lose,
And willing loss is love's best prize;
The more that Yesterday hath loved
The more To-day can sacrifice.

O Earth! thou art too beautiful,
And thou, dear Home! thou art too sweet,
The winning ways of flesh and blood
Too smooth for sinners' pilgrim feet.

The woods and flowers, and running streams,
The sunshine of the common skies,
The round of household peace — what heart
But owns the might of these dear ties?

The sweetness of known faces is
A couch where weary souls repose;
Known voices are as David's harp
Bewitching Saul's oppressive woes.

And yet, bright World! thou art not wise:
Oh no! enchantress though thou art,
Thou art not skilful in thy way
Of dealing with a wearied heart.

If thou hadst kept thy faith with me,
I might have been thy servant still;
But slighted love and broken faith,
Poor world! these are beyond thy skill.

Oh bless thee, bless thee, treacherous World!
That thou dost play so false a part,
And drive, like sheep into the fold,
Our loves into our Saviour's Heart.

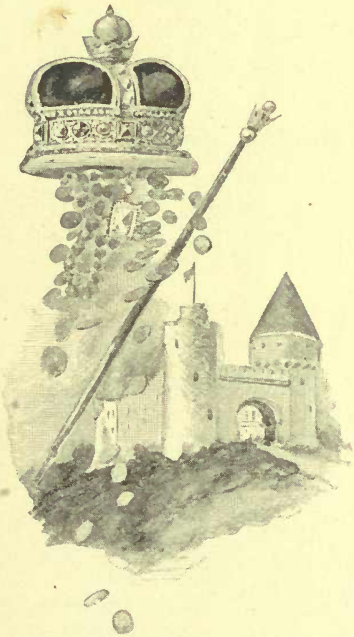
This have I leaned upon, sweet Lord!
This world hath had Thy rightful place;
But come, dear jealous King of love!
Come, and begin Thy reign of grace.

Banish far from me all I love,
The smiles of friends, the old fireside,
And drive me to that home of homes,
The Heart of Jesus Crucified.

Take all the light away from earth,
Take all that men can love from me;
Let all I lean upon give way,
That I may lean on naught but Thee.

THE END OF MAN.

I COME to Thee once more, my God!
No longer will I roam;
For I have sought the wide world through,
And never found a home.



Though bright and many are the spots
Where I have built a nest,
Yet in the brightest still I pined
For more abiding rest.

Riches could bring me joy and power,
And they were fair to see;
Yet gold was but a sorry god
To serve instead of Thee.

Then honor and the world's good word
Appeared a nobler faith;
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung
And trembled on a breath?

The pleasure of the passing hour
My spirit next could wile;
But soon, full soon, my heart fell sick
Of pleasure's weary smile.

More selfish grown, I worshipped health,
The flush of manhood's power;
But then it came and went so quick,
It was but for an hour.

And thus a not unkindly world
Hath done its best for me;
Yet I have found, O God! no rest,
No harbor short of Thee.

For Thou hast made this wondrous soul
All for Thyself alone;
Ah! send Thy sweet transforming grace
To make it more Thine own.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF MERCY.

WHY art thou sorrowful, servant of God?
And what is this dulness that hangs o'er thee now?
Sing the praises of Jesus, and sing them aloud,
And the song shall dispel the dark cloud from thy brow.

For is there a thought in the wide world so sweet,
As that God has so cared for us, bad as we are,
That He thinks for us, plans for us, stoops to entreat,
And follows us, wander we ever so far?

Then how can the heart e'er be drooping or sad,
Which God hath once touched with the light of His grace?
Can the child have a doubt who but lately hath laid
Himself to repose in his father's embrace?

And is it not wonderful, servant of God?
That He should have honored us so with His love,
That the sorrows of life should but shorten the road
Which leads to Himself and the mansion above?

Oh then when the spirit of darkness comes down
With clouds and uncertainties into thy heart,
One look to thy Saviour, one thought of thy crown,
And the tempest is over, the shadows depart.

That God hath once whispered a word in thine ear,
Or sent thee from Heaven one sorrow for sin,
Is enough for a life both to banish all fear,
And to turn into peace all the troubles within.

The schoolmen can teach thee far less about Heaven,
Of the height of God's power, or the depth of His love,
Than the fire in thy heart when thy sin was forgiven,
Or the light that one mercy brings down from above.

Then why dost thou weep so? For see how time flies,
The time that for loving and praising was given!
Away with thee, child, then, and hide thy red eyes
In the lap, the kind lap, of thy Father in Heaven.

PERFECTION.

Oh how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!

'T is not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

God only is the creature's home,
Though rough and strait the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

Oh utter but the Name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

How little of that road, my soul!
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.

The freedom from all wilful sin,
The Christian's daily task, —
Oh these are graces far below
What longing love would ask!

Dole not thy duties out to God,
But let thy hand be free:
Look long at Jesus; His sweet Blood
How was it dealt to thee?

The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly wouldst thou move!

Good is the cloister's silent shade,
Cold watch and pining fast;
Better the mission's wearing strife,
If there thy lot be cast.

Yet none of these perfection needs: —
Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
From hour to hour may say.

Then keep thy conscience sensitive;
No inward token miss:
And go where grace entices thee; —
Perfection lies in this.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love Him as He loves thee;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

My Soul! what hast thou done for God?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Sum up what thou hast done for God,
And then what God hath done for thee.

He made thee when He might have made
A soul that would have loved Him more;
He rescued thee from nothingness,
And set thee on life's happy shore.

He placed an angel at thy side,
And strewed joys round thee on thy way;
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,
And life, free life, before thee lay.

Had God in Heaven no work to do
But miracles of love for thee?
No world to rule, no joy in Self,
And in His own infinity?

So must it seem to our blind eyes:
He gave His love no sabbath rest,
Still plotting happiness for men,
And new designs to make them blest.

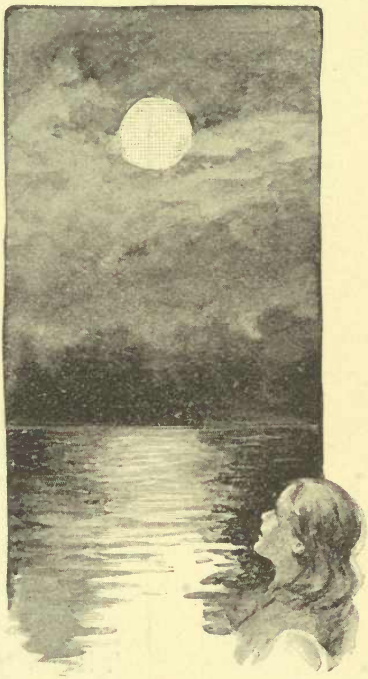
From out His glorious Bosom came
His only, His Eternal Son;
He freed the race of Satan's slaves,
And with His Blood sin's captives won.

The world rose up against His love:
New love the vile rebellion met,
As though God only looked at sin
Its guilt to pardon and forget.

For His Eternal Spirit came
To raise the thankless slaves to sons,
And with the sevenfold gifts of love
To crown His own elected ones.

Men spurned His grace; their lips blasphemed
The Love who made Himself their slave;
They grieved that blessed Comforter,
And turned against Him what He gave.

Yet still the sun is fair by day,
The moon still beautiful by night;
The world goes round, and joy with it,
And life, free life, is men's delight.



No voice God's wondrous silence breaks,
No hand put forth His anger tells;
But He, the Omnipotent and Dread,
On high in humblest patience dwells.

The Son hath come; and maddened sin
The world's Creator crucified;
The Spirit comes, and stays, while men
His presence doubt, His gifts deride.

And now the Father keeps Himself,
In patient and forbearing love,
To be His creature's heritage
In that undying life above.

Oh wonderful, oh passing thought,
The love that God hath had for thee,
Spending on thee no less a sum
Than the Undivided Trinity!

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,
Exhausted for a thing like this, —
The world's whole government disposed
For one ungrateful creature's bliss!

What hast thou done for God, my soul?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,
Cry for His mercy upon thee.

TRUE LOVE.

THINK well how Jesus trusts Himself
Unto our childish love,
As though by His free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.

God gives Himself as Mary's Babe
To sinners' trembling arms,
And veils His everlasting light
In childhood's feeble charms.

His sacred Name a common word
On earth He loves to hear;
There is no majesty in Him
Which love may not come near.

His priests, they bear Him in their hands,
Helpless as babe can be;
His love seems very foolishness
For its simplicity.

The light of love is round His feet,
His paths are never dim;
And He comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to Him.

Let us be simple with Him then,
Not backward, stiff, or cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sina was of old.

His love of us may teach us how
To love Him in return;
Love cannot help but grow more free
The more its transports burn.

The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrained and cold, —
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.

They know not how our God can play
The Babe's, the Brother's part;
Thy dream not of the ways He has
Of getting at the heart.

Most winningly He lowers Himself,
Yet they dare not come near:
They cannot know in their blind place
The love that casts out fear.

In lowest depths of littleness
God sinks to gain our love;
They put away the sign in fear,
And our free ways reprove.

Would that they knew what Jesus was,
And what untold abyss
Lies in Love's simple forwardness
Of more than earthly bliss!

Would that they knew what faith can work,
What Sacraments can do,
What simple love is like, on fire
In hearts absolved and true!

They cannot tell how Jesus oft
 His secret thirst will slake
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts
 Are taught by God to take.

Poor souls! they know not how to love;
 They feel not Jesus near;
And they who know not how to love
 Still less know how to fear.

The humbling of the Incarnate Word
 They have not faith to face;
And how shall they who have not faith
 Attain love's better grace?

The awe that lies too deep for words,
 Too deep for solemn looks, —
It finds no way into the face,
 No written vent in books.

They would not speak in measured tones,
 If love had in them wrought
Until their spirits had been hushed
 In reverential thought.

They would have smiled in harmless ways
 To ease their fevered heart,
And learn with other simple souls
 To play love's crafty part.

They would have run away from God
For their own vileness' sake,
And feared lest some interior light
From tell-tale eyes should break.

They know not how the outward smile
The inward awe can prove;
They fathom not the creature's fear
Of Uncreated Love.

The majesty of God ne'er broke
On them like fire at night,
Flooding their stricken souls, while they
Lay trembling in the light.



They love not; for they have not kissed
The Saviour's outer hem:
They fear not; for the Living God
Is yet unknown to them.

SELF-LOVE.

"Christ did not please Himself." — ROMANS XV. 3.

OH I could go through all life's troubles singing,
Turning earth's night to day,
If self were not so fast around me, clinging
To all I do or say.

My very thoughts are selfish, always building
Mean castles in the air;
I use my love of others for a gilding
To make myself look fair.

I fancy all the world engrossed with judging
My merit or my blame;
Its warmest praise seems an ungracious grudging
Of praise which I might claim.

In youth or age, by city, wood, or mountain,
Self is forgotten never;
Where'er we tread, it gushes like a fountain,
And its waters flow for ever.

Alas! no speed in life can snatch us wholly
Out of self's hateful sight;
And it keeps step, whene'er we travel slowly,
And sleeps with us at night.

No grief's sharp knife, no pain's most cruel sawing,
Self and the soul can sever :
The surface, that in joy sometimes seems thawing,
Soon freezes worse than ever.

Thus we are never men, self's wretched swathing
Not letting virtue swell ;
Thus is our whole life numbed, for ever bathing
Within this frozen well.

O miserable omnipresence, stretching
Over all time and space,
How have I run from thee, yet found thee reaching
The goal in every race.

Inevitable self ! vile imitation
Of universal light, —
Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation
Of God's exclusive right !

The opiate balms of grace may haply still thee,
Deep in my nature lying ;
For I may hardly hope, alas ! to kill thee,
Save by the act of dying.

O Lord ! that I could waste my life for others,
With no ends of my own,
That I could pour myself into my brothers,
And live for them alone !

Such was the life Thou livedst; self abjuring,
Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,
A life without self-pleasing!

HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O GOD! whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love always runs clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear!

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

Hardheartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

I often see in my own thoughts,
When they lie nearest Thee,
That the worst men I ever knew
Were better men than me.

And of all truths no other truth
So true as this one seems;
While others' faults, that plainest were,
Grow indistinct as dreams.

All men look good except ourselves,
All but ourselves are great;
The rays, that make our sins so clear,
Their faults obliterate.

Things, that appeared undoubted sins,
Wear little crowns of light;
Their dark, remaining darkness still,
Shames and outshines our bright.

Time was, when I believed that wrong
In others to detect,
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

Now better taught by Thee, O Lord!
This truth dawns on my mind, —
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

Thou art the Unapproached, whose height
Enables Thee to stoop,
Whose holiness bends undefiled
To handle hearts that droop.

He, whom no praise can reach, is aye
 Men's least attempts approving;
Whom justice makes all merciful
 Omniscience makes all-loving.

How Thou canst think so well of us,
 Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
 But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul;
 More grace, O Lord! more grace!
More sweetness from Thy loving Heart,
 More sunshine from Thy Face!

When we ourselves least kindly are,
 We deem the world unkind;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
 Only the poison find.

We paint from self the evil things
 We think that others are;
While to the self-despising soul
 All things but self are fair.

Yes, they have caught the way of God,
 To whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
 O'er others' faults a shade.

A bright horizon out at sea
 Obscures the distant ships;
Rough hearts look smooth and beautiful
 In charity's eclipse.

Love's changeful mood our neighbor's faults
 O'erwhelms with burning ray,
And in excess of splendor hides
 What is not burned away.



Again, with truth like God's, it shades
 Harsh things with untrue light,
Like moons that make a fairyland
 Of fallow fields at night.

Then mercy, Lord! more mercy still!
 Make me all light within,
Self-hating and compassionate,
 And blind to others' sin.

I need Thy mercy for my sin;
But more than this I need, —
Thy mercy's likeness in my soul
For others' sin to bleed.

'T is not enough to weep my sins;
'T is but one step to Heaven:
When I am kind to others, then
I know myself forgiven.

Would that my soul might be a world
Of golden ether bright,
A Heaven where other souls might float,
Like all Thy worlds, in light.

All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee;
Sweet God! for evermore be Thou
Fountain and fire in me!

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

Ah dearest Lord! I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from Thee.

The world that looks so dull all day
 Glows bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then
 Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems
 Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
 And makes a deluge round.

Old voices murmur in my ear,
 New hopes start into life,
And past and future gayly blend
 In one bewitching strife.

My very flesh has restless fits;
 My changeful limbs conspire
With all these phantoms of the mind
 My inner self to tire.

I cannot pray; yet, Lord! Thou knowest
 The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
 Thus torn away from Thee.

Sweet Jesus! teach me how to prize
 These tedious hours when I,
Foolish and mute before Thy Face,
 In helpless worship lie.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
 Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
 At his Creator's Feet.

Had I kept stricter watch each hour
 O'er tongue and eye and ear;
Had I but mortified all day
 Each joy as it came near;

Had I, dear Lord! no pleasure found
 But in the thought of Thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
 A truer liberty.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord!
 In weak distracted prayer:
A sinner out of heart with self
 Most often finds Thee there.

For prayer that humble sets the soul
 From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
 Dear Lord! it hangs on Thee.

The heart, that on self-sacrifice
 Is covetously bent,
Will bless Thy chastening hand that makes
 Its prayer its punishment.

My Saviour! why should I complain,
And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things;
Thy peace dwells far within.

These surface-troubles come and go,
Like rufflings of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but Thee.

SWEETNESS IN PRAYER.

WHY dost thou beat so quick, my heart?
Why struggle in thy cage?
What shall I do for thee, poor heart!
Thy throbbing heat to swage?

What spell is this come over thee,
My soul! what sweet surprise?
And wherefore these unbidden tears
That start into mine eyes?

How are my passions laid to sleep,
How easy penance seems,
And how the bright world fades away —
Oh are they all but dreams?

How great, how good does God appear,
 How dear our holy faith,
How tasteless life's best joys have grown,
 How I could welcome death!

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord!
 Dear Spirit! it is Thou;
Deeper and deeper in my heart
 I feel Thee nestling now.

Whence Thou hast come I need not ask;
 But, dear and gentle Dove!
Oh wherefore hast Thou lit on one
 That so repays Thy love?

Would that Thou mightest stay with me,
 Or else that I might die
While heart and soul are still subdued
 With Thy sweet mastery.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
 The simple are Thy rest;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
 Thou makest there Thy nest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
 If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
 I 'll build a nest for Thee.

My heart, sweet Dove! I 'll lend to Thee
To mourn with at Thy will;
My tongue shall be Thy lute to try
On sinners' souls Thy skill.

How silver-like Thy plumage is,
Thy voice how grave, how gay!
Ah me! how I shall miss Thee, Lord!
Then promise me to stay.

Who made this beating heart of mine,
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it then but Thee
And let it be Thy nest.

DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

Oh for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty!

Oh for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never palled,
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was called!

Then when I knelt to meditate,
 Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless and bright and beautiful,
 Beyond my own control.

What can have locked those fountains up?
 Those visions what hath stayed?
What sudden act hath thus transformed
 My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will
 Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
 That come without command, —

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
 That cares not for its aim,
A love that none the hotter grows
 At Thy most blessed Name, —

The weariness of prayer, the mist
 O'er conscience overspread,
The chill repugnance to frequent
 The feast of angels' Bread: —

If this dear change be Thine, O Lord!
 If it be Thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
 The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
Then show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread;—
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.

For when the tide of graces set
So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord! how faithlessly
I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earned
A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
In self-complacent bliss.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I may learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more,—

To love Thee, and yet not to think
That I can love so much, —
To have Thee with me, Lord! all day,
Yet not to feel Thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord! for hire,
Hire which Thy beauty showed,
Can I not serve Thee now for naught,
And only as my God?

Thrice blessed be this darkness then,
This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
God's dear supremacy!

THE PAIN OF LOVE.

JESUS! why dost Thou love me so?
What hast Thou seen in me
To make my happiness so great,
So dear a joy to Thee?

Wert Thou not God, I then might think
Thou hadst no eye to read
The badness of that selfish heart,
For which Thine own did bleed.

But Thou art God, and knowest all;
Dear Lord! Thou knowest me;
And yet Thy knowledge hinders not
Thy love's sweet liberty.

Ah, how Thy grace hath wooed my soul
With persevering wiles!
Now give me tears to weep; for tears
Are deeper joy than smiles.

Each proof renewed of Thy great love
Humbles me more and more,
And brings to light forgotten sins,
And lays them at my door.

The more I love Thee, Lord! the more
I hate my own cold heart;
The more Thou woundest me with love,
The more I feel the smart.

What shall I do, then, dearest Lord!
Say, shall I fly from Thee,
And hide my poor unloving self
Where Thou canst never see?

Or shall I pray that Thy dear love
To me might not be given?
Ah no! love must be pain on earth,
If it be bliss in Heaven.

LOW SPIRITS.

FEVER, and fret, and aimless stir,
And disappointed strife,
All chafing unsuccessful things,
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke;
The streets resound with noise;
And the soul sinks to see its peers
Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me; smiles are near;
Kind welcomes to be had;
And yet my spirit is alone,
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain
Be quit of my long part;
The burden of unquiet life
Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God! now do thy work,
As thou hast done before;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
And the dull mood be o'er.



The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh there is music in that thought
 Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening-time
 Most musically rung.

'T is not His justice or His power,
 Beauty or blest abode,
But the mere unexpanded thought
 Of the Eternal God.

It is not of His wondrous works,
 Nor even that He is;
Words fail it, but it is a thought
 Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought! lie closer to my heart,
 That I may feel thee near,
As one who for his weapon feels
 In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st,
 When sadness makes us lowly,
As though thou wert the echo sweet
 Of humble melancholy.

I bless Thee, Lord! for this kind check
 To spirits over free,
And for all things that make me feel
 More helpless need of Thee.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

ONCE in the simple thought of God
My old repose I sought,
But lo! the well-known peace was now
No longer in that thought.

My spirit fluttered here and there,
Beset with nameless fears;
My eyes with very dryness burned,
While my heart shed inward tears.

I was as one who cannot sleep
Upon a bed of pain,
Too restless to be still and bear,
Too peevish to complain.

Then suddenly a silent gloom
Like a web was round me spun,
As grateful as a sudden shade
After a scorching sun.

The darkness grew, and, as it grew
More dark, it grew more still;
And something dawned, less in my mind
Than deep within my will.

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In that dark dawn, confused yet plain,
I thought that I could see,
In radiant indistinctness clad,
The Holy Trinity.

My soul lay at the door of death,
Anguish and dread within;
For all I had and all I was
Seemed nothing then but sin.

How I could speak I cannot tell,
How I could dare to pray
Seemed wonderful; and yet my heart
To Jesus dared to say:—

Show me the Father's Face, O Lord,
This was my venturous cry,
And close before me, as I prayed,
Methought Some One passed by.

And yet He was not One but Three,
Oh how fatherly He seemed!
A mercy half so merciful
I never could have dreamed.

The space of one swift lightning's flash
Was the Majesty outspread;
Then the angels' songs the silence broke,
And the glorious darkness fled.

Deep in Thine own immensity
 Thyself Thou hidest, Lord!
There always speaking to Thyself
 Thine Uncreated Word.

Thy Wisdom, like a sea on fire
 Is one with Thee in bliss;
His unborn loveliness is Thine
 Thine unborn glory His.

Thou and Thy Word perforce must breathe
 One equal Breath of love.
A Breath that is being ever breathed,
 One coeternal Dove.

Yet Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 Into one Father run,
A Father in Their Unity,
 A Trinity in One.

Father! all we that toil on earth
 One day at rest shall be; —
Thou art our haven and our home,
 O dearest Trinity!

DIVINE FAVORS.

Is this returning life that thrills
 So sensibly in all my veins?
Can this be heavenly joy that fills
 My soul with such mysterious pains?

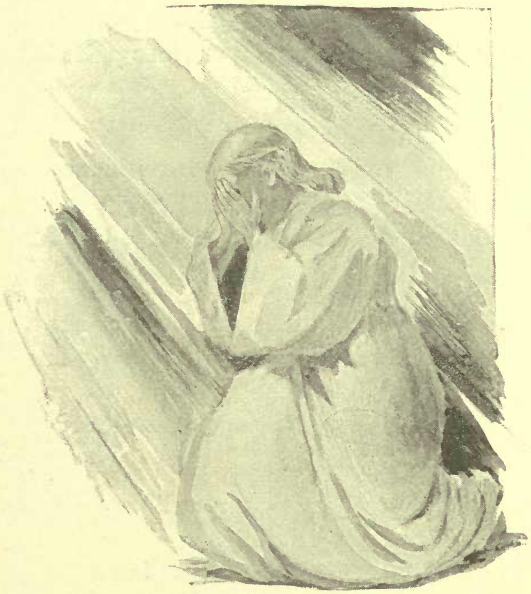
I see but indistinctly yet
 Forms growing like to what I knew;
One sun is rising, one is set,
 But which of those two suns is true?

Within my soul there hath been strife;
 I hear retreating voices rave;
This stirring in me must be life,
 But life on which side of the grave?

Blue sky, green earth, my well-known room!
 I waken up to all the past;
But what a look of cheerless gloom
 That inward light o'er all hath cast!

O Lord! what hast Thou done to me?
 What marks are these my spirit bears?
Why didst Thou come so frighteningly,
 Why take me, Lord! so unawares?

I felt Thy touch; self died, — alas!
Only a momentary death;
Ah me! how quickly Thou didst pass —
Within the breathing of a breath!



No revelation did unfold
New secrets to my quickened eye;
No vision on my sight unrolled
Its hieroglyphic pageantry.

I feel no wish to do great things,
 Nor is my weakness fortified;
Only, within are murmurings,
 Beginning softly to subside.

But in that momentary sleep
 One work within me hath been done;
For somehow I have sunk more deep,
 Farther unto my soul have gone.

Thy touch hath made me sensitive;
 I long to burrow out of sight;
My shame, selfseen, ahhors to live,
 Humbled by such excess of light.

There have been times when sense of sin
 Hath laid my spirits very low;
Yet this sharp light went deeper in;
 I never yet was humbled so.

THE UNBELIEVING WORLD.

O LORD! when I look o'er the wide-spreading world,
 How lovely and yet how unhappy it seems,
How full of realities, pure and divine,
 Yet how bent on unworshipful dreams!

My heart swells within me with thankfullest joy
For the faith which to me Thou hast given;
For in all Thine amazing abundance of gifts,
Thou hast no better gift short of Heaven.

There was darkness in Egypt while Israel had sun,
And the songs in the corn fields of Gessen were gay,
And the chosen that dwelt mid the heathen moved on,
Each threading the gloom with his own private day.

Ah! so is it now with the Church of Thy choice;
Her lands lie in light which to worldlings seems dim;
And each child of that Church, who must live in dark realms,
Has a sun o'er his head which is only for him.

Yet it grieves me, too, Lord! that so many should wander,
Should see naught before them but desolate night,
That men should be walled in with darkness around them,
When within and without there is nothing but light.

But still more I grieve for Thy glory, O Lord!
That the world should be only an Egypt for Thee,
That the bondsmen of error should boast of their chains,
And scoff at the love that would fain set them free.

Ah, Lord! they must learn that their light is but darkness;
They must come to believe that our darkness is light;
They, who think they see far, must acknowledge their blindness,
And come to Thy Church to recover their sight.

But we who have light, we must make our light brighter,
And thus show our love to Thee, Lord! for Thy gift;
The faith Thou has sent us our love can make greater,
And almost to sight our believing can lift.

Faith is sweetest of worships to Him who so loves
His unbearable splendors in darkness to hide;
And to trust to Thy word, dearest Lord! is true love,
For those prayers are most granted which seem most denied.

Oh why hast Thou made then faith's field all so narrow,
Nor multiplied objects for childlike belief;
For faith, though it is such a beautiful worship,
Is but earth's span of Heaven, too fleeting and brief.

Thou hast dealt better measure to hope than to faith;
Hope can hope for no more, since it hopes, Lord! for Thee;
Naught is lacking to love which has fastened on God;
It is love lost in love like a drop in the sea.

But faith throws her arms around all Thou hast told her,
And, able to hold as much more, can but grieve;
She could hold Thy grand Self, Lord! if Thou wouldst reveal it,
And love makes her long to have more to believe.

THE OLD LABORER.

WHAT end doth he fulfil?
He seems without a will,
Stupid, unhelpful, helpless, age-worn man!
He hath let the years pass;
He hath toiled, and heard Mass,
Done what he could, and now does what he can.

And this forsooth is all!
A plant or animal
Hath a more positive work to do than he:
Along his daily beat,
Delighting in the heat,
He crawls in sunshine which he does not see.



What doth God get from him?
His very mind is dim,
Too weak to love, and too obtuse to fear.
Is there glory in his strife?
Is there meaning in his life?
Can God hold such a thing-like person dear?

Peace! he is dying now;
No light is on his brow;
He makes no sign, but without sign departs.
The poor die often so, —
And yet they long to go,
To take to God their over-weighted hearts.

Born only to endure,
The patient passive poor
Seem useful chiefly by their multitude;
For they are men who keep
Their lives secret and deep;
Alas! the poor are seldom understood.

This laborer that is gone
Was childless and alone,
And homeless as his Saviour was before him;
He told in no man's ear
His longing, love, or fear,
Nor what he thought of life as it passed o'er him.

He had so long been old,
His heart was close and cold;
He had no love to take, no love to give:
Men almost wished him dead;
'T was best for him, they said;
'T was such a weary sight to see him live.

He walked with painful stoop,
As if life made him droop,
And care had fastened fetters round his feet;
He saw no bright blue sky,
Except what met his eye
Reflected from the rain-pools in the street.

To whom was he of good?
He slept and he took food,
He used the earth and air, and kindled fire:
He bore to take relief,
Less as a right than grief; —
To what might such a soul as his aspire?

His inexpressive eye
Peered round him vacantly,
As if whate'er he did he would be chidden;
He seemed a mere growth of earth;
Yet even he had mirth,
As the great angels have, untold and hidden.

Alway his downcast eye
Was laughing silently,
As if he found some jubilee in thinking;
For his one thought was God,
In that one thought he abode,
For ever in that thought more deeply sinking.

Thus did he live his life,
A kind of passive strife,
Upon the God within his heart relying;
Men left him all alone,
Because he was unknown,
But he heard the angels sing when he was dying.

God judges by a light,
Which baffles mortal sight,
And the useless-seeming man the crown hath won:
In His vast world above,
A world of broader love,
God hath some grand employment for His son.

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MUSIC.

THAT music breathes all through my spirit,
As the breezes blow through a tree;
And my soul gives light as it quivers,
Like moons on a tremulous sea.

New passions are wakened within me,
New passions that have not a name;
Dim truths that I knew but as phantoms
Stand up clear and bright in the flame.

And my soul is possessed with yearnings
Which make my life broaden and swell;
And I hear strange things that are soundless,
And I see the invisible.

Oh silence that clarion in mercy, —
For it carries my soul away;
And it whirls my thoughts out beyond me,
Like the leaves on an autumn day.

Oh exquisite tyranny! silence,
My soul slips from under my hand,
And as if by instinct is fleeing
To a dread unvisited land.

Is it sound, or fragrance, or vision?
 Vocal light wavering down from above?
Past prayer and past praise I am floating
 Down the rapids of speechless love.

I strove, but the sweet sounds have conquered:
 Within me the Past is awake;
The Present is grandly transfigured;
 The Future is clear as day-break.

Now Past, Present, Future have mingled
 A new sort of Present to make;
And my life is all disembodied,
 Without time, without space, without break.

But my soul seems floating for ever
 In an orb of ravishing sounds,
Through faint-falling echoes of heavens
 Mid beautiful earths without bounds.

Now sighing, as zephyrs in summer,
 The concords glide in like a stream,
With a sound that is almost a silence,
 Or the soundless sounds in a dream.

Then oft, when the music is faintest,
 My soul has a storm in its bowers,
Like the thunder among the mountains,
 Like the wind in the abbey towers.

There are sounds, like flakes of snow falling
In their silent and eddying rings;
We tremble, — they touch us so lightly,
Like the feathers from angels' wings.

There are pauses of marvellous silence.
That are full of significant sound,
Like music echoing music
Under water or under ground.

That clarion again! through what valleys
Of deep inward life did it roll,
Ere it blew that astonishing trumpet
Right down in the caves of my soul?

My mind is bewildered with echoes, —
Not all from the sweet sounds without;
But spirits are answering spirits
In a beautiful muffled shout.

Oh cease then, wild Horns! I am fainting;
If ye wail so, my heart will break;
Some one speaks to me in your speaking
In a language I cannot speak.

Though the sounds ye make are all foreign,
How native, how household they are;
The tones of old homes mixed with Heaven,
The dead and the angels, speak there.

Dear voices that long have been silenced,
Come clear from their peaceable land,
Come toned with unspeakable sweetness
From the Presence in which they stand.

Or is music the inarticulate
Speech of the angels on earth?
Or the voice of the Undiscovered
Bringing great truths to the birth?

O music! thou surely art worship;
But thou art not like praise or prayer;
And words make better thanksgiving
Than thy sweet melodies are.

There is in thee another worship,
An outflow of something divine;
For the voice of adoring silence,
If it could be a voice, were thine.

Thou art fugitive splendors made vocal,
As they glanced from that shining sea,
Where the Vision is visible music,
Making music of spirits who see.

Thou, Lord! art the Father of music;
Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee;
Thou hast made Thy creation all anthems,
Though it singeth them silently.

But I guess by the stir of this music
What raptures in Heaven can be,
Where the sound is Thy marvellous stillness,
And the music is light out of Thee.

THE STARRY SKIES.

THE starry skies, they rest my soul,
Its chains of care unbind,
And with the dew of cooling thoughts
Refresh my sultry mind.

And, like a bird amidst the boughs,
I rest, and sing, and rest,
Among those bright dissevered worlds,
As safe as in a nest.

And oft I think the starry sprays
Swing with me where I light,
While brighter branches lure me o'er
New gulfs of purple night.

Yes, something draws me upward there
As morning draws the lark;
Only my spell, whate'er it is,
Works better in the dark.

It is as if a home was there,
To which my soul was turning,
A home not seen, but nightly proved
By a mysterious yearning.



It seems as if no actual space
Could hold it in its bond;
Thought climbs its highest, still it is
Always beyond, beyond.

Earth never feels like home, though fresh
And full its tide of mirth;
No glorious change we can conceive
Would make a home of earth.

But God alone can be a home;
And His sweet Vision lies
Somewhere in that soft gloom concealed,
Beyond the starry skies.

So, as if waiting for a voice,
Nightly I gaze and sigh,
While the stars look at me silently
Out of their silent sky.

How have I erred! God is my home,
And God Himself is here;
Why have I looked so far for Him
Who is nowhere but near?

Oh not in distant starry skies,
In vastness not abroad,
But everywhere in His whole Self
Abides the whole of God.

In golden presence not diffused,
Not in vague fields of bliss,
But whole in every present point
The Godhead simply is.

Down in earth's duskiest vales, where'er
My pilgrimage may be,
Thou, Lord! wilt be a ready home
Always at hand for me.

I spake: but God was nowhere seen;
 Was His love too tired to wait?
Ah no! my own unsimple love
 Hath often made me late.

How often things already won
 It urges me to win,
How often makes me look outside
 For that which is within!

Our souls go too much out of self
 Into ways dark and dim:
'T is rather God who seeks for us,
 Than we who seek for Him.

Yet surely through my tears I saw
 God softly drawing near;
How came He without sight or sound
 So soon to disappear?

God was not gone: but He so longed
 His sweetness to impart,
He too was seeking for a home,
 And found it in my heart.

Twice had I erred: a distant God
 Was what I could not bear;
Sorrows and cares were at my side;
 I longed to have Him there.

But God is never so far off
As even to be near;
He is within: our spirit is
The home He holds most dear.

To think of Him as by our side
Is almost as untrue,
As to remove His throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue.

So all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,
Missing my joy, I walked the earth,
Myself God's sanctuary.

THE SORROWFUL WORLD.

I HEARD the wild beasts in the woods complain;
Some slept, while others wakened to sustain
Through night and day the sad monotonous round,
Half savage and half pitiful the sound.

The outcry rose to God through all the air,
The worship of distress, an animal prayer,
Loud vehement pleadings, not unlike to those
Job uttered in his agony of woes.

The very pauses, when they came, were rife
With sickening sounds of too successful strife,
As, when the clash of battle dies away,
The groans of night succeed the shrieks of day.

Man's scent the untamed creatures scarce can bear,
As if his tainted blood defiled the air;
In the vast woods they fret as in a cage,
Or fly in fear, or gnash their teeth with rage.

The beasts of burden linger on their way,
Like slaves who will not speak when they obey;
Their faces, when their looks to us they raise,
With something of reproachful patience gaze.

All creatures round us seem to disapprove;
Their eyes discomfort us with lack of love;
Our very rights, with signs like these alloyed,
Not without sad misgivings are enjoyed.

Earth seems to make a sound in places lone,
Sleeps through the day, but wakes at night to moan,
Shunning our confidence, as if we were
A guilty burden it could hardly bear.

The winds can never sing, but they must wail;
Waters lift up sad voices in the vale;
One mountain-hollow to another calls
With broken cries of plaining waterfalls.

Silence itself is but a heaviness,
As if the earth were fainting in distress,
Like one who wakes at night in panic fears,
And naught but his own beating pulses hears.

Inanimate things can rise into despair;
And, when the thunders bellow in the air,
Amid the mountains, earth sends forth a cry,
Like dying monsters in their agony.



The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan:
Lakes on the calmest days are ever throbbing
Upon their pebbly shores with petulant sobbing.

O'er the white waste, cold grimly overawes
And hushes life beneath its merciless laws;
Invisible heat drops down from tropic skies,
And o'er the land, like an oppression, lies.

The clouds in Heaven their placid motions borrow
From the funereal tread of men in sorrow;
Or, when they scud across the stormy day,
Mimic the flight of hosts in disarray.

Mostly men's many-featured faces wear
Looks of fixed gloom, or else of restless care;
The very babes, that in their cradles lie,
Out of the depths of unknown troubles cry,

Labor itself is but a sorrowful song,
The protest of the weak against the strong;
Over rough waters, and in obstinate fields,
And from dank mines, the same sad sound it yields.

O God! the fountain of perennial gladness!
Thy whole creation overflows with sadness;
Sights, sounds, are full of sorrow and alarm;
Even sweet scents have but a pensive charm.

Doth earth send nothing up to Thee but moans?
Father! canst Thou find melody in groans?
Oh can it be, that Thou, the God of bliss,
Canst feed Thy glory on a world like this?

Ah me! that sin should have such chemic power
To turn to dross the gold of nature's dower,
And straightway, of its single self, unbind
The eternal vison of Thy jubilant Mind!

Alas! of all this sorrow there is need;
For us earth weeps, for us the creatures bleed:
Thou art content, if all this woe imparts
The sense of exile to repentant hearts.

Yes! it is well for us: from these alarms,
Like children scared, we fly into Thine arms;
And pressing sorrows put our pride to rout
With a swift faith which has not time to doubt.

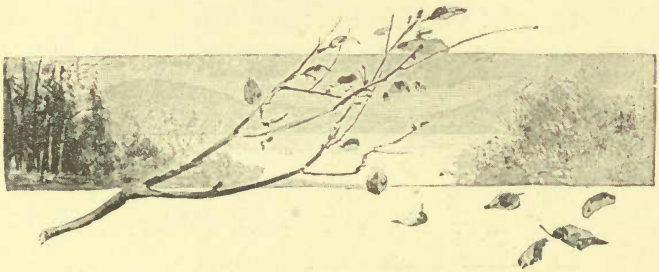
We cannot herd in peace with wild beasts rude;
We dare not live in nature's solitude;
In how few eyes of men can we behold
Enough of love to make us calm and bold?

Oh it is well for us: with angry glance
Life glares at us, or looks at us askance:
Seek where we will, — Father! we see it now, —
None love us, trust us, welcome us, but Thou!

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN once more begins to teach!
Sear leaves their annual sermon preach;
And with the southward-slipping sun
Another stage of life is done.

The day is of a paler hue,
The night is of a darker blue,
Just as it was a year ago;
For time runs fast, but grace is slow!



Life glides away in many a bend,
In chapters which begin and end;
Each has its trial, each its grace,
Each in life's whole its proper place.
Life has its joinings and its breaks,
But each transition swiftly takes
Us nearer to or farther from
The threshold of our heavenly home.

Years pass away; new crosses come;
Past sorrow is a sort of home,
An exile's home, and only lent
For needful rest in banishment.
It narrows life, and walls it in,
And shuts the door on many a sin;
'T is almost like a calm fireside,
Where humbled hearts are fain to bide.

Thou comest, Autumn, to unlade
Thy wealthy freight of summer shade,
Still sorrowful as in past years,
Yet mild and sunny in thy tears,
Ripening and hardening all thy growth
Of solid wood, yet nothing loath
To waste upon the frolic breeze
Thy leaves, like flights of golden bees.

Have I laid by from summer hours
Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers?
Hath my past year a growth to harden,
As well as fewer sins to pardon?
Is God in all things more and more
A king within me than before?
I know not, yet one change hath come, —
The world feels less and less a home.

My soul appears, as I get old,
More prompt in act, in prayer less cold;
Crosses, from use, more lightly press;
Mirth is more purely weariness;
With less to quarrel with in life,
I grow less patient with its strife;
I wish more simply, Lord! to be,
Ailing or well, always with Thee!

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THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Oh, it is sweet to think
 Of those that are departed,
While murmured Aves sink
 To silence tender-hearted,
While tears that have no pain
 Are tranquilly distilling,
And the dead live again
 In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days
 Of earthly ties we love them;
For they are touched with rays
 From light that is above them:
Another sweetness shines
 Around their well-known features;
God with His glory signs
 His dearly ransomed creatures.

Yes, they are more our own,
 Since now they are God's only;
And each one that has gone
 Has left our heart less lonely.
He mourns not seasons fled,
 Who now in Him possesses
Treasures of many dead
 In their dear Lord's caresses.

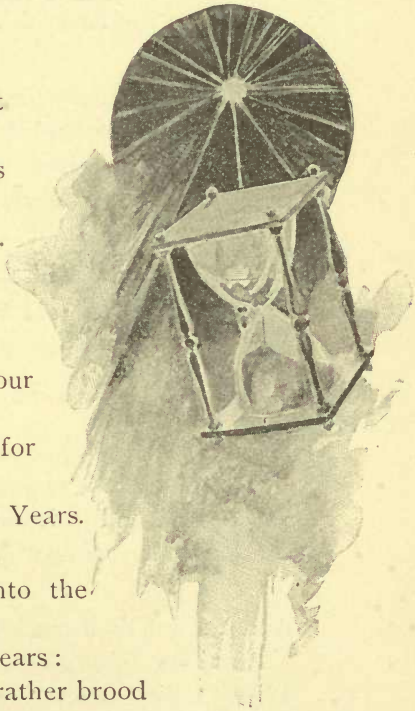
Dear dead! they have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant Heaven like home,
Through them begins to woo us;
Love, that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.

They whom we loved on earth
Attract us now to Heaven;
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead! to Heaven
With grudging sighs we gave you,
To Him — be doubts forgiven!
Who took you there to save you: —
Now get us grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly.

THE ETERNAL YEARS.

How shalt thou bear the Cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the Eternal Years.



Austerity is little help,
Although it somewhat cheers;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Set hours and written rule are good,
Long prayer can lay our fears:
But it is better calm for thee
To count the Eternal Years.

Rites are as balm unto the eyes,
God's word unto the ears:
But He will have thee rather brood
Upon the Eternal Years.

Full many things are good for souls
In proper times and spheres;
Thy present good is in the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears;
More humbling is it far for thee
To face the Eternal Years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears;
Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the Eternal Years.

Thy Cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears;
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the Eternal Years.

And knowst thou not how bitterness
An ailing spirit cheers?
Thy medicine is the strengthening thought
Of the Eternal Years.

One Cross can sanctify a soul;
Late saints and ancient seers
Were what they were, because they mused
Upon the Eternal Years.

Pass not from flower to pretty flower;
Time flies, and judgment nears;
Go! make thy honey from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Death will have rainbows round it, seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp
At the Eternal Years.

Keep unconstrain'dly in this thought,
Thy loves, hopes, smiles, and tears;
Such prison-house thine heart will make
Free of the Eternal Years.

A single practice long sustained
A soul to God endears:
This must be thine — to weigh the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

He practises all virtue well,
Who his own Cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of the Eternal Years.

AFTER A DEATH.

THE grief that was delayed so long,
O Lord! hath come at last;
Blest be Thy Name for present pain,
And for the weary past!

Yet, Father! I have looked so long
Upon the coming grief,
That what should grieve my heart the most
Seems almost like relief.

Alas! then, did I love the dead
As well as he loved me?
Or have I sought myself alone
Rather than him, or Thee?

To fear is harder than to weep,
To watch than to endure;
The hardest of all griefs to bear
Is a grief that is not sure.

As on a watchtower did I stand,
Like one that looks in fear,
And sees an overwhelming host
O'er hill and dale draw near.

The bitterness each day brought forth
Was more than I could bear,
And hope's uncertainty was worse
Than positive despair.

I grew more unprepared for grief
Which had so long been stayed;
The blow seemed more impossible
The more it was delayed.

Yes! the most sudden of our griefs
Are those which travel slow;
The longer warning that it gives
The deeper is the woe.

To look a sorrow in the face
False magnitude imparts;
All sorrows look immensely large
Unto our little hearts.

But to look long upon a grief,
Which is so long in sight,
Unmans the heart more terribly
Then a sudden death at night.

A swift and unexpected blow,
If hard to bear, is brief;
But oh! it is less sudden far
Than a quiet creeping grief.

Least griefs are more than we can bear,
Each worse than those before;
Our own griefs always greater griefs
Than those our fathers bore.

The griefs we have to bear alone,
The griefs that we can share,
Our single griefs, our crowded griefs,—
Which are the worst to bear?

Yet all are less than our deserts;
Within our grace they lie;
The sorrows we exaggerate
We cannot sanctify.

Dear Lord! in all our loneliest pains
Thou hast the largest share,
And that which is unbearable
'T is Thine, not ours, to bear.

How merciful Thine anger is,
How tender it can be,
How wonderful all sorrows are
Which come direct from Thee!

Years fly, O Lord! and every year
More desolate I grow;
My world of friends thins round me fast,
Love after love lies low.

There are fresh gaps around the hearth,
 Old places left unfilled,
And young lives quenched before the old,
 And the love of old hearts chilled:



Dear voices and dear faces missed,
 Sweet households overthrown,
And what is left more sad to see
 Than the sight of what has gone.

All this is to be sanctified,
 This rupture with the past;
For thus we die before our deaths,
 And so die well at last.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

HARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

WISHES ABOUT DEATH.

I WISH to have no wishes left,
But to leave all to Thee;
And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will
Things that I wish should be.

And these two wills I feel within,
When on my death I muse:
But, Lord! I have a death to die,
And not a death to choose.

Why should I choose? for in Thy love
Most surely I descry
A gentler death than I myself
Should dare to ask to die.

But Thou wilt not disdain to hear
What those few wishes are,
Which I abandon to Thy love,
And to Thy wiser care.

Triumphant death I would not ask,
Rather would deprecate;
For dying souls deceive themselves
Soonest when most elate.

All graces I would crave to have
Calmly absorbed in one, —
A perfect sorrow for my sins,
And duties left undone.

I would the light of reason, Lord!
Up to the last might shine,
That my own hands might hold my soul
Until it passed to Thine.

And I would pass in silence, Lord!
No brave words on my lips,
Lest pride should cloud my soul, and I
Should die in the eclipse.

But when, and where, and by what pain, —
All this is one to me
I only long for such a death
As most shall honor Thee.

Long life dismays me, by the sense
Of my own weakness scared:
And by Thy grace a sudden death
Need not be unprepared.

One wish is hard to be unwished, —
That I at last might die
Of grief for having wronged with sin
Thy spotless Majesty.

THE PATHS OF DEATH.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Like the bright slanting west,
Thou leadest down into the glow
Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,
Ever from toil to rest.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Back to our own dear dead,
Into that land which hides in tombs
The better part of our old homes;
'T is there thou mak'st our bed.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Thither where sorrows cease,
To a new life, to an old past,
Softly and silently we haste,
Into a land of peace.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Thy new restores our lost;
There are voices of the new times
With the ringing of the old chimes
Blent sweetly on thy coast.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
One faint for want of breath, —
And above thy promise thou hast given:
All, we find more than all in Heaven,
O thou truth-speaking Death!

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
E'en children after play
Lie down, without the least alarm,
And sleep, in thy maternal arm,
Their little life away.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
E'en grown-up men secure
Better manhood, by a brave leap
Through the chill mist of thy thin sleep, —
Manhood that will endure.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
The old, the very old,
Smile when their slumberous eye grows dim,
Smile when they feel thee touch each limb,
Their age was not less cold.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Ever from pain to ease;
Patience, that hath held on for years,
Never unlearns her humble fears
Of terrible disease.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
From sin to pleasing God;
For the pardoned in thy land are bright
As innocence in robe of white,
And walk on the same road.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Straight to our Father's Home;
All loss were gain that gained us this,
The sight of God, that single bliss
Of the grand world to come.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Ever from toil to rest, —
Where a rim of sea-like splendor runs,
Where the days bury their golden suns,
In the dear hopeful west!



THE LENGTH OF DEATH.

SWEET Saviour! take me by the hand,
And lead me through the gloom;
Oh, it seems far to the Other Land,
And dark in the silent tomb!

I thought it was less hard to die,
A straighter road to Thee,
With at least a twilight in the sky,
And one narrow arm of sea.

Saviour! what means this breadth of death,
This space before me lying,
These deeps where life so lingereth,
This difficulty of dying?

So many turns, abrupt and rude,
Such ever-shifting grounds,
Such a strangely peopled solitude,
Such strangely silent sounds?

Another hour! What change of pain
In this last act doth lie!
Surely to live life o'er again
Were less prolix than to die.

How carefully Thou walkest, Lord!
Canst Thou have cause to fear?
Who is that spirit with the sword?
Art Thou not Master here?

Whom are we trying to avoid?
From whom, Lord! must we hide?
Oh can the dying be decoyed,
With his Saviour by his side?

Deeper! — dark! dark! But yet I follow;
Tighten, dear Lord! Thy clasp!
How suddenly earth seems to hollow,
There is nothing left to grasp!

I cannot feel Thee; art Thou near?
It is all too dark to see;
But let me feel Thee, Saviour dear!
I can go on with Thee.

What speed! How icy-smooth these stones!
Oh might we make less haste?
How the caves echo back my moans
From some invisible waste!

May we not rest, dear Help? Oh no,
Not on a road so steep!
Sweet Saviour! have we far to go?
Ah how I long for sleep!

Loose sand — and all things sinking! Hark,
The murmur of a sea!
Saviour! it is intensely dark;
Is it near Eternity?

Can I fall from Thee even now?
Both hands, dear Lord! both hands!
Why dost thou lie so deep, so low,
Thou shore of the Happy Lands?

Ah! death is very, very wide,
A land terrible and dry:
If Thou, sweet Saviour! hadst not died,
Who would have dared to die?

Another fall! — Surely we steal
On towards Eternity: —
Lord! is this death? — I only feel
Down in some sea with Thee.

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

GLOOM gathered round us every hour
In that house of awful sorrow;
Each day lay darker and more dark
In the shadow of its morrow.

And yet no cloud that came passed on,
No yesterdays went by;
'T was a storm that gathers without wind,
Until it chokes the sky.

Time hungered for some dreadful change,
And yet grew sick with fear,
Impatient at the slow approach
Of that which was too near.

But we never named what we most feared;
It was only understood;
And we lived on an unspoken faith
That somehow God was good.

Yes! God was good: on that one thought
The whole day we were leaning:
Yet we dared not put it into words,
Lest it should lose its meaning.

Of many things, of many wants,
We had to be reminded:
We felt our way about the house
Like men that had been blinded.

We scarce breathed anything but grief:
We almost held our breath:
We were inwardly unmanned and numbed
With the looking out for death.

Each told to each what each well knew,
Each told it o'er and o'er:
Questions we asked which we ourselves
Had answered just before.

From its intensity of aim
Our own life aimless seemed:
The very stern reality
Made us almost think we dreamed.

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The days could somehow drag themselves,
 Like wounded worms along:
But I know not how we lived those nights,
 Save that God made us strong.

And somehow all things turned to fears;
 And foolish things became
Fountains of unrefreshing tears
 Which burned the eyes like flame.

Oh what a life it was, a life
 Of such entangled woe,
Like the panic of a shipwrecked crew, —
 Only this was so slow: —

Entangled with minute details,
 Needful, but out of season,
Yet a woe of such simplicity
 As almost troubled reason.

God shut us up there seven long weeks,
 As in some unworldly ark, —
And we learned what He had meant us learn, —
 To live and to see in the dark.

Darkness is easier far to bear
 Than that unrestful gloom
Where the light snows in, and vaguely haunts
 The shapes and the things in the room.

One of those darknesses was this,
In which God loves to dwell,
One of those restful silences
In which He is audible.

Slowly light came, the thinnest dawn,
Not sunshine to our night,
A new, more spiritual thing,
An advent of pure light:

Perhaps not light; rather the soul
Which just then came to see,
And saw through its world-darkened life,
And saw Eternity.

O God! it was a time divine,
Rich epoch of calm grace.
A pressing of our hearts to Thine
In mystical embrace.

The work of years was done in days,
Fights won, and trophies given:
For sorrow is the atmosphere
Which ripens hearts for Heaven.

I saw dear souls with seemliest haste
Array themselves in light,
And weave themselves angelic robes
Out of the utter night.

Eternal thoughts in simplest words
Fell meekly from their tongue,
While the fragrance of Eternity
To their silent presence clung.

For monthlike days, for yearlike nights,
I saw all this about me:
It should have been my work; but God
Had to do the work without me.

I only saw how I had missed
A thousand things from blindness,
How all that I had done appeared
Scarce better than unkindness.

How that to comfort those that mourn
Is a thing for saints to try;
Yet haply God might have done less,
Had a saint been there, not I.

Alas! we have so little grace,
With love so little burn,
That the hardest of our works for God
Is to comfort those who mourn.

THE VIOLENCE OF GRIEF.

O MERCIFUL Father! the blow that we feared,
Though for long it hath threatened and slowly hath neared,
Hath come all at once, hath too suddenly come,
And laid waste the fair garden that once was our home.

We had thought to have borne it far better than this,
Nor have grudged to Thy will our poor tribute of bliss;
In our minds we had looked in the face of this woe,
And had fixed how to kneel to encounter the blow.

But it seems as if sorrow did more than make haste,
And had leaped from the clouds down upon us at last:
And the grief most surprises, looks most like a wrong,
Because we have looked for its coming so long.

Nay, we would fain believe that the blow had not come,
That it was but a dream, this dumb, desolate home,
That the eyes were not closed, could not possibly close,
In the light of whose love was our only repose.

All grief has its limits, all chastenings their pause;
Thy love and our weakness are sorrow's two laws;
No burdens of Thine are too great to be borne,
Didst Thou know how this sorrow would leave us forlorn?

We had said we were ready, whatever should chance;
Of our hearts' preparations we made a romance;
And we bade Thee sincerely to strike at Thy will;
Thou hast struck, but how far are our hearts from being still!

What a voiceless despair, what a tempest of tears,
What a perfect rebellion and clamor of fears,
What murmurs unchecked, tempers unreconciled!
All within us, but faith, is disordered and wild.

Yet see how we crouch to Thee, Lord! after all;
We wished Thee far off while the blow did not fall,
And now our sole joy is to feel Thee so near,
And we fling ourselves down on Thy lap without fear.

We fling ourselves on Thee with passionate trust;
Thou art always most loving when forced to be just;
And our ravings and tears are no worse in Thine eyes,
Than the newly-weaned mountain lamb's pitiful cries.

Our foolish wild words are some worship to Thee,
Thou hast made us so, Lord! and wouldst have it so be;

And we know, when our hearts the most bitterly swell,
Not the less was it love for being judgment as well.



Thy knowledge of us makes Thy pity more deep;
Our knowledge of Thee bids us trust while we weep:
For it is when we weep we are often most still;
They who mourn most keep often most close to Thy will.

Thou wert always our Father! Each sun that arose
Has done nothing through life but fresh mercies disclose;
But we feel, while the joy of our life is laid low,
Thou hast ne'er been so tender a Father as now.

DEEP GRIEF.

DAYS, weeks, and months have gone, O Lord!
They seemed both long and brief;
Yet darker still the darkness grows,
And deeper lies the grief.

They spoke of sorrow's laws and ways,
They said what time would do;
Wise-sounding words! yet have they been
Most bitterly untrue.

O sorrow! 't is thy law to feed
On what should be relief;
O time! of all things surely thou
Art cruelest to grief.

They tell me I am better now
That tears have passed away:
Alas! those earlier days of tears
Were sunshine to to-day.

The mind was less afraid of self,
When sorrow's thoughts grew rank:
The sights and sounds of recent grief
Were better than this blank.

Old grief is worse than new; its pain
 Is deeper in the heart;
The dull blind ache is worse to bear
 Than blow, or wound, or smart.

Deeper and deeper in my soul
 The weight of grief is stealing,
And, strange to say, I feel it more
 When it has sunk past feeling.

O grief! when thou wert fresh and sharp,
 Part of life felt thy blow;
But, grown the habit of my heart,
 Thou art my whole life now.

Most sovereign when least sensible,
 Most seen when out of sight,
Thou art the custom of the day,
 And the haunting of the night.

Oh that they would not comfort me!
 Deep grief cannot be reached;
Wisdom, to cure a broken heart,
 Must not be wisdom preached.

Deep grief is better let alone;
 Voices to it are swords;
A silent look will soothe it more
 Than the tenderness of words.

Oh speak not! I will do my work,
 Nay, more work than my share;
For to feel that it is idle grief
 Is what deep grief cannot bear.

Deep grief is not a past event,
 It is a life, a state,
Which habit makes more terrible,
 And age more desolate.

But am I comfortless? Oh no!
 Jesus this pathway trod;
And deeper in my soul than grief
 Art Thou, my dearest God!

Good is that darkening of our lives,
 Which only God can brighten:
But better still that hopeless load,
 Which none but God can lighten.

GRIEF AND LOSS.

LORD! art Thou weary of my cry,
 My unrepressed complaint?
The more Thy hand upholdeth me
 The more I seem to faint.

Alas! had ever grief of man
 Such discontent as mine?
Yet how I crave to have my will
 Simply content with Thine!

Bear with me, patient God of Job!
 Bear with Thy weakly child;
My thoughts are fevered with my grief,
 My heart is going wild.

From some abyss these causeless bursts
 Of stormy sorrow flow;
It seems as if nor outward thing,
 Nor inward, brought the woe.

All of itself it comes, and sweeps
 The landmarks quite away;
And these sudden tempests mostly come
 On the eve of a quiet day.

There is some change within my grief,
 Some shifting of my cross:
What overweights me is not grief,
 It is the sense of loss.

What was a grief is now a loss,
 A stationary want,
An absence felt in every room,
 In each familiar haunt.

My God! how petulant I am,
 How hard to please in grief,
For ever making fresh complaint
 Of what should be relief!

But, Lord! Thou lovest we should speak,
 Nor silent bear our pain:
The look of Thy forbearing love
 Allures us to complain.

Oh loss is grief's most joyless side,
 Grief's least religious state:
'T is sorrow most unreconciled,
 Because most like to fate.

Loss is a sense upon whose nerve
 Life's ceaseless weight must press,
A pain too dull and equable
 To vary its distress.

Loss is a thing so multiplied,
 So many-shaped a grief,
So echoing every sound of life,
 That there is no relief.

I seemed to have him while I grieved;
 At least grief was no void;
In some strange way the vehement woe
 My sinking spirits buoyed.

Fresh grief can occupy itself
With its own recent smart;
It feeds itself on outward things,
And not on its own heart.

New sorrow never goads: it seems
To fill and occupy;
But I am goaded to despair
By this blind vacancy:

And then it is such calm despair,
Such a mute and passive pain,
That they who love me smile, and say, —
That I am myself again!

I move about, and do my work.
That old routine of yore;
But, if I seem to sorrow less,
It is to miss him more.

When I have missed him most all day,
I have him in my dreams;
And then how worse than the first loss
The dismal waking seems!

This sense of loss, — oh can it last?
Or, if it lasts, be borne?
The extremity that comes at night
Has a worse extreme at morn.

My sorrow could defend itself,
 Or at least could live apart;
But the loss intrudes from every side
 On my defenceless heart.

The present is so like the past,
 Yet so terribly unlike,
That all life's touches do not touch,
 But cut and bruise and strike.

If it was more unbearable
 So stormily to grieve,
The hopelessness of my great loss
 Is harder to believe: —

Worse to believe, — and yet, alas!
 Worse to be borne as well,
Because it makes life felt to be
 So quite impossible.

Is it, O Lord! that I too much
 On creatures' love have leaned?
Else why this void of all things now,
 This pain of being weaned?

Sorrow by its own nature is
 In league with self-deceit;
Its very grace improves its skill
 More grace to counterfeit.

Sorrow indulged must always make
The grace within us less;
Man's sorrow at its best must be
A form of selfishness, —

The gracefulest of all self-loves,
But a self-worship still,
A waste of heart whose deepest depths
It is Thy right to fill.

Faith does not know of empty hearts —
They should be full of Thee;
And to be full of Thee alone
Is their eternity.

All life is loss; for it delays
The vision of Thy Face:
Yet nothing, Lord! is lost to him
Who hath not lost Thy grace.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Stay, Pilgrim! stay!
Night treads upon the heels of day;
There is no other resting-place this way.
The Rock is near,
The well is clear,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
The desert wide
Lies round thee like a trackless tide,
In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.
The sun is gone,
Thou art alone,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.



The Shadow of the Rock!
All come alone,
All, ever since the sun hath shone,
Who travelled by this road have come alone.
Be of good cheer,
A home is here,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Night veils the land;
How the palms whisper as they stand!
How the well tinkles faintly through the sand!
Cool water take
Thy thirst to slake,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Abide! Abide!
This Rock moves ever at thy side,
Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.
Ages are laid
Beneath its shade,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Always at hand,
Unseen it cools the noon-tide land,
And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.
It comes in sight
Only at night,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Mid skies storm-riven
It gathers shadows out of Heaven,
And holds them o'er us all night cool and even
Through the charmed air
Dew falls not there,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
To angels' eyes
This Rock its shadow multiplies,
And at this hour in countless places lies.
One Rock, one Shade,
O'er thousands laid,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
To weary feet,
That have been diligent and fleet,
The sleep is deeper and the shade more sweet.
O weary! rest,
Thou art sore pressed,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Thy bed is made;
Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid
This night beneath the self-same placid shade.
They who rest here
Wake with Heaven near,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Pilgrim! sleep sound;
In night's swift hours with silent bound
The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground,
Gaining more way
By night than day;
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
One day of pain
Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain,
Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep on the plain;
And only wake
In Heaven's day-break,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

A CHILD'S DEATH.

THOU touchest us lightly, O God! in our grief;
But how rough is Thy touch in our prosperous hours!
All was bright, but Thou camest, so dreadful and brief,
Like a thunderbolt falling in gardens of flowers.

My children! My children! they clustered all round me,
Like a rampart which sorrow could never break through;
Each change in their beautiful lives only bound me
In a spell of delight which no care could undo.

But the eldest! O Father! how glorious he was,
With the soul looking out through his fountain-like eyes:
Thou lovest thy Sole-born! And had I not cause
The treasure Thou gavest me, Father! to prize?

But the lily-bed lies beaten down by the rain,
And the tallest is gone from the place where he grew;
My tallest! my fairest! Oh let me complain;
For all life is unroofed, and the tempests beat through.

I murmur not, Father! My will is with Thee;
I knew at the first that my darling was Thine:
Hadst Thou taken him earlier, O Father! — but see!
Thou hadst left him so long that I dreamed he was mine.

Thou hast taken the fairest: he was fairest to me;
Thou hast taken the fairest: 't is always Thy way;
Thou hast taken the dearest: was he dearest to Thee?
Thou art welcome, thrice welcome: — yet woe is the day!

Thou hast honored my child by the speed of Thy choice,
Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'erwhelmed him with mirth:
He sings up in Heaven with his sweet-sounding voice,
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

Yet oh for that voice, which is thrilling through Heaven,
One moment my ears with its music to slake!
Oh no! not for worlds would I have him re-given,
Yet I long to have back what I would not re-take.

I grudge him, and grudge him not! Father! Thou knowest
The foolish confusions of innocent sorrow;
It is thus in Thy husbandry, Saviour! Thou sowest
The grief of to-day for the grace of to-morrow.

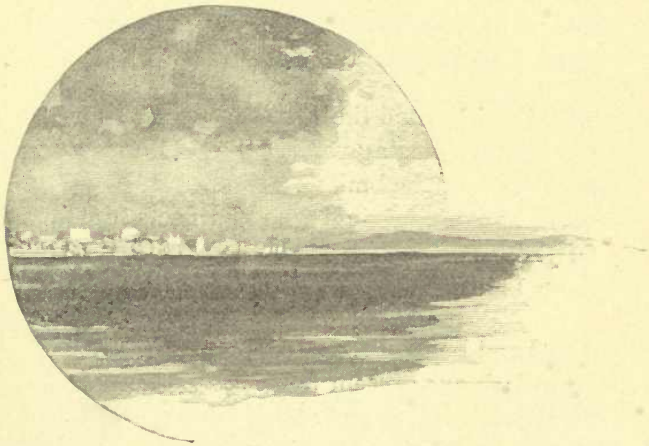
Thou art blooming in Heaven, my Blossom, my Pride!
And thy beauty makes Jesus and Mary more glad:
Saints' mothers have sung when their eldest-born died;
Oh why, my own saint! is thy mother so sad?

Go, go with thy God, with thy Saviour, my child!
Thou art His; I am His; and thy sisters are His:
But to-day thy fond mother with sorrow is wild, —
To think that her son is an angel in bliss!

Oh forgive me, dear Saviour! on Heaven's bright shore
Should I still in my child find a separate joy:
While I lie in the light of Thy Face evermore,
May I think Heaven brighter because of my boy?

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

THE Land beyond the Sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea?



The Land beyond the Sea!
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and dreams!
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere;
We seem half way to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Oh how the lapsing years,
Mid our not unsubmissive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
Of those we love to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years! more swiftly run

Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen towards night?
Dear Land! look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest,
But sweeter far that Father's Breast
Upon thy shores eternally possest;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

THE SHORE OF ETERNITY.

ALONE! to land alone upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before, —
Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint.
Alone! Oh that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,
Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,—
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more:
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore:
To begin alone to live for evermore,
To have no one to teach
The manners or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease:—
Oh that we might die in pairs or companies!

Alone? No! God hath been there long before,
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home;
And He hath taught His angels to prepare
In what way we are to be welcomed there.

Like one that waits and watches He hath sate,
As if there were none else for whom to wait,

Waiting for us, for us
Who keep Him waiting thus,
And who bring less to satisfy His love
Than any other of the souls above.

Alone? The God we know is on that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know more
Than of those who may appear
Nearest and dearest here:
Oh is He not the life-long friend we know
More privately than any friend below?

Alone? The God we trust is on that shore,
The faithful one whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife, —
Oh we shall trust Him more in that new life!

Alone? The God we love is on that shore,
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
And whom we 've loved all through,
And with a love more true
Than other loves, — yet now shall love Him more: —
True love of Him begins upon that shore!

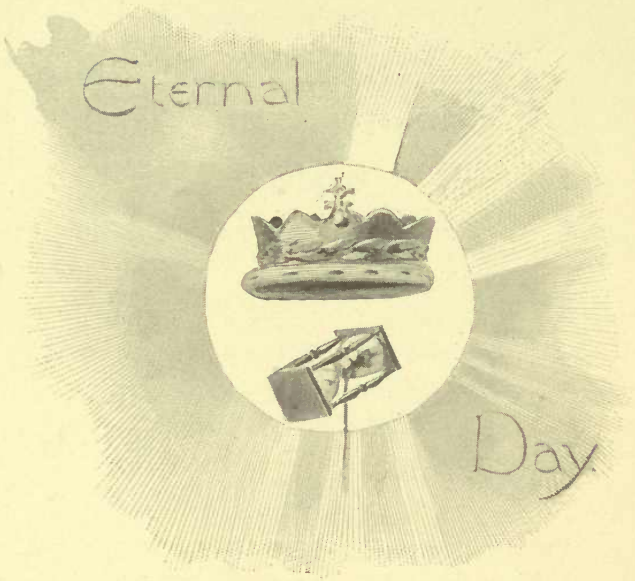
So not alone we land upon that shore:
'T will be as though we had been there before;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love!

PARADISE.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold,
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay,
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?



O Paradise! O Paradise!
'T is weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;

Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 't will not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

HEAVEN.

Oh what is this splendor that beams on me now,
This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my soul,
While faint and far off land and sea lie below,
And under my feet the huge golden clouds roll?

To what mighty king doth this city belong,
With its rich jewelled shrines, and its gardens of flowers,
With its breaths of sweet incense, its measures of song,
And the light that is gilding its numberless towers?

See! forth from the gates, like a bridal array,
Come the princes of heaven, how bravely they shine!
'T is to welcome the stranger, to show me the way,
And to tell me that all I see round me is mine.

There are millions of saints, in their ranks and degrees,
And each with a beauty and crown of his own;
And there, far outnumbering the sands of the seas,
The nine rings of Angels encircle the throne.

And oh if the exiles of earth could but win
One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,
From that hour they would cease to be able to sin,
And earth would be Heaven; for Heaven is love.

But words may not tell of the Vision of Peace,
With its worshipful seeming, its marvellous fires;
Where the soul is at large, where its sorrows all cease,
And the gift has outbidden its boldest desires.

No sickness is here, no bleak bitter cold,
No hunger, debt, prison, or weariful toil;
No robbers to rifle our treasures of gold,
No rust to corrupt, and no canker to spoil.

My God! and it was but a short hour ago
That I lay on a bed of unbearable pains;
All was cheerless around me, all weeping and woe;
Now the wailing is changed to angelical strains.

Because I served Thee, were life's pleasures all lost?
Was it gloom, pain, or blood, that won Heaven for me?
Oh no! one enjoyment alone could life boast,
And that, dearest Lord! was my service of Thee.

I had hardly to give; 't was enough to receive,
Only not to impede the sweet grace from above;
And, this first hour in Heaven, I can hardly believe
In so great a reward for so little a love.





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